

THE AMERICAN Greatest Circulation in the World WEEKLY

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Week of August 27, 1944



CDZANZ

Global Glamour Typical Beauties On
All Our War Fronts Painting by
Henry Clive

She Snatched 14 Men From the Firing Squad

By HAL WARD

WHEN the history of the French Underground is written, the name Lucie Aubrac will shine from its pages. This demure young woman is a legend among the French and Hitler would give a lot for her head.

From the day that the Germans took France, she and her husband were leaders of the underground movement. Twice she engineered his escape from concentration camps, but he was arrested again and jailed by the Gestapo in the city of Lyon.

Monsieur Aubrac was tortured and starved. But he wouldn't talk. He and 13 equally brave and uncommunicative fellow prisoners were booked for execution. And then Madame Aubrac had an idea.

One morning she appeared at the office of the Gestapo chief in Lyon. She was sad and shabbily dressed. This henchman of Himmler had never set eyes on the woman before, even though she had outsmarted his cold-blooded colleagues twice.

He believed her when she said she was a mademoiselle—and about to become a mother. He fell for her story that Monsieur Aubrac was the man responsible for her condition.

"I know he is an enemy of the New Order," she whispered, "but I want my baby to have a name. If he is still alive, I think he would marry me—and I believe I could persuade him to talk."

The Nazi studied the girl for a long time and reached for a phone. He called a prison some distance from his office.

"This Aubrac," he snapped. "Is he with the prisoners on the way to my office? Good. Hell Hitler."

A few moments later Aubrac was pushed into the Gestapo chief's office. He stared dully at the woman, as though she were a stranger.

The Nazi lit a cigarette and watched the tableau before his desk. The girl's eyes filled with tears. She threw her arms around the doorman's neck. She called him Raymond. She told him about the baby. She pleaded with him to marry her—and to tell his captors everything he knew.

Then she buried her woe face in his neck. And whispered something. Something the Nazi didn't hear.

"I'll marry her," said the prisoner.



While the Pretty Young Woman Clung to the Prisoner the Gestapo Chief Watched—and Never Suspected That a Plot Was Being Hatched.

"What's the difference? But I have nothing to confess."

"Like all Frenchmen," the Gestapo man snapped, "you are stupid as well as insubordinate. This very pretty girl loves you—God knows why—and you stand there like a stick. Neither her love or her good advice seems to sink into your thick skull."

The Frenchman seemed not to hear the words. He was used to Nazi

barking. And Nazi brutality. It seemed too tired to fight back anymore.

"I'll give you one more chance," said the Nazi. "Tell me the names of your friends in the underground and you won't have to die this morning. Perhaps you won't have to die at all."

"I have nothing to tell," mumbled the prisoner.

He Likes to Be Censored

CENSORS—those snoopers who read all your love letters—probably have the most thankless of war jobs.

Important as their work may be, no one likes 'em—except maybe one man, and he's got plenty of reason to. In fact, he loves them.

This individual (who remains nameless for reasons that are obvious) is a British naval officer. He wrote two affectionate letters—one to his wife, and one to another woman. Mailing both at the same time, he put the letters into the wrong envelopes.

A censor, who also remains nameless, spotted the terrible mistake. According to the London Daily Mail—the newspaper that first heard of the story—the keen-eyed mail checker switched the letters back into their proper envelopes saving the lucky officer from a serious problem on the home front.

All Smoke and No Fire

THERE'S an old saying that "where there's smoke there's fire." But, as the fire department of Bryn Mawr, Pa., found out the other day—much to their embarrassment—the old adage isn't necessarily true.

Answering a hurry call from the home of Mrs. Rex S. Clements, the firemen arrived in time to find smoke pouring from windows, out from under eaves, and out the doors.

A half dozen men dashed into the house. Soon a helmeted head was poked out of a second-story window. A fireman bellowed to Fire Marshal Harvey Benson on the lawn below: "Hey, Chief! There's no fire up here!"

No sooner had he finished than another fireman's head popped out of a first-floor window. "No fire in here," he shouted. A basement window opened. "None here, either, Chief," said a third.

Then the hunt began. For over an hour the firemen ran up and down the stairs looking for the blaze. Meanwhile the smoke kept getting thicker and thicker.

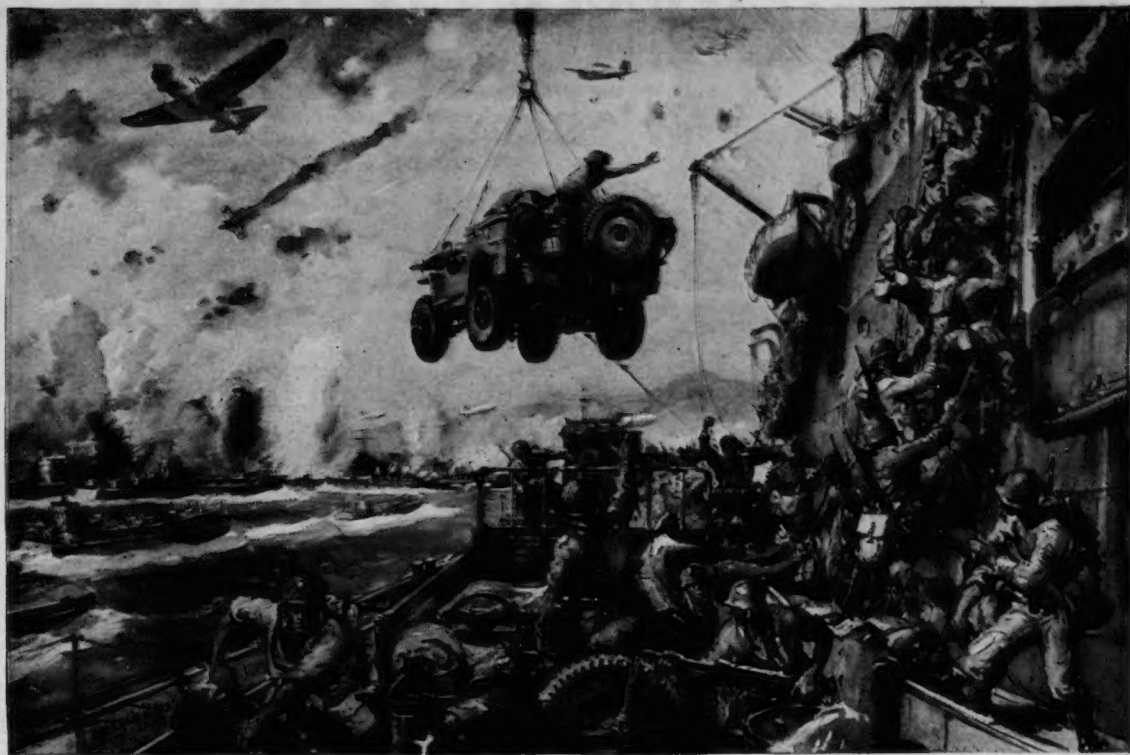
"Keep looking, men," the chief implored. "There must be a fire!"

And there was, but not where the men had been hunting. In a garden, fully 150 feet away from the house, was a trash fire. The wind was blowing the smoke into a rainspout, which was carrying it into the house.



Billows of Choking Smoke Filled the Rooms of the House, but the Firemen Were Baffled. They Couldn't Find Even a Little Blaze in the Building.

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The Sun Never Sets On the Mighty "Jeep"

"JEEPS"... DESTINATION NETTUNO!

A tribute to our experts in Logistics



"JEEP" FUTURES

People all over the world are thinking of scout cars—"Jeeps"—made by Willys—of how they can be adapted to domestic uses after the war. A soldier in Alaska may be thinking of this moment—"When I get back I'll get a 'Jeep'. It'll make a swell delivery car."



A farmer boy home on a furlough thinks—"A 'Jeep' (scout car made by Willys) can beat a team of horses all hollow." And so it goes.



High school kids who see these scout cars—"Jeeps"—made by Willys—in magazines and on the screen, are thinking—"Gee, wouldn't it be swell to have a 'Jeep' at the lake after the war? Are you 'Jeep'-planning, too?"

It is upon those hard working fellows skilled in the science of supply, known as "logistics", that our invasion forces depend for "the right things at the right time at the right place". And that includes plenty of tough, versatile "Jeeps".

Like ships, food, tanks, guns, ammunition and other vital material, the Willys scout car, known the world over as the "Jeep", is equipment used in Allied invasions. This was proved at Casablanca. It was true at Sicily and at Salerno. Likewise, in the daring invasion of Italian beaches above Anzio, weather-grayed transports carried many rugged little "Jeeps" with "Destination Nettuno" understood, if not so labeled.

The Willys scout car means *mobility* for our invasion troops. *Speed* to carry men, materials, first aid, munitions—anywhere, any time. *Power* to pack guns or wounded men, or *anything*, through deep mud or over rocky mountain passes. And *depend-*

able performance to guarantee completed missions.

Yet, even today, as thousands of these Willys motorized units are serving our fighting forces in Italy and on other blazing battle fronts, soldiers who live and work with the mighty "Jeep", and civilians, too, are dreaming of it in terms of *after the war*.

They see this Willys scout car adapted to civilian use, and powered with its exclusive war-proved Willys Go-Devil "Jeep" Engine, applying its famous "Jeep" power, "Jeep" speed, "Jeep" versatility, dependability and economy to a wide variety of jobs in cities and towns, in business and industry, and on farms the world over.

Willys-Overland Motors, Inc., Toledo, Ohio

The power and stamina of the versatile "Jeep" will serve many needs in the years of reconstruction ahead.



Willys *Builds the Mighty* Jeep



Mrs. Herbert S. Dickey, First White Woman to Explore the Orinoco Wilderness.

By LOWELL THOMAS

Noted Author, Explorer and Radio Commentator
ON A MISSION from their base in British Guiana a few months ago, fliers of the U. S. Army Transport Command found themselves roaring over an unmapped region in the Sierra Parima.

This high range of mountains, which separates Venezuela from Brazil, had defied the courage and endurance of even the stoutest adventurers who for so many years have attempted to explore it on foot or mule-back.

The Transport Command had sent those fliers out for a purpose at which we are at liberty to guess, but it was not surveying. Under their wings, however, they saw, among the towering Sierra Parima peaks, a network of streams which looked like a watershed.

Upon their return to base they reported what they had seen, noting its location as closely as they could in the circumstances.

Navigator officers studied their report and came to a conclusion of great significance to geographers and mapmakers, as well as to the governments of Venezuela and Brazil.

If the observations of those Transport Command fliers were anywhere near correct, they achieved a discovery of real importance in the history of exploration—nothing less than the source of the fabulous Orinoco River.

And, since the watershed of the Orinoco determines the boundary between Brazil and Venezuela, the discovery will add a thousand-odd square miles to the territory held by the latter republic.

For all the land which is drained by streams flowing northward to the Orinoco belongs to Venezuela, while that which is drained by tributaries flowing southward to the Amazon is Brazilian.

Why, you may ask, should any country worry one way or another about a thousand-odd square miles of jungle-clad Sierra, especially in a continent with so much spare real estate as South America?

The answer is: gold, diamonds and rubies. To be sure, gold deposits south of the Isthmus are few and do not compare with the great fields in the United States and South Africa, but there is always hope, and "gold is where you find it."

The legend of the Golden City of Manoa still

The ORINOCO'S LURE—

The Uncharted Source of the River of Seven Stars, Seen for the First Time by American Fliers, May Prove to Hide the Legendary "Golden City of Manoa," Sought in Vain by Adventurers From the Days of Columbus



Mrs. Gertrude Redfern Finally Gave Up Hope for Her Aviator Husband, Paul Redfern (Right), Believed Lost Somewhere in the Orinoco Region.



persists throughout the northern half of South America. Rubies, moreover, are being mined in many parts of the continent. Diamonds have been found, though not yet in quantities or quality sufficient to cause a serious headache to the powerful De Beers syndicate of Africa.

The discovery of the source of the Orinoco is not yet a definitely established fact, recognized by geographers. The court of last resort on South American exploration is the American Geographical Society, not to be confounded with the National Geographical Society.

I put the question to Charles Baker Hitchcock, of the A. G. S., the Society's principal authority on the lands watered by the Orinoco. The observations of those American Transport Command fliers, said he, were too vague to be accepted as definitive by geographical scholars.

For one thing, they were not equipped for aerial survey. Furthermore, their estimates of land mileage, speed, wind-drift and other quantities could not have been close enough for them to make a dead-reckoning which even approached accuracy.

"Precise results can be achieved by information obtained from air surveys," went on Mr. Hitchcock, "if the aerial photographs are made with especially designed cameras, taken by men specially trained in the art. Such men," he adds, "are described by a term new to our vocabulary. They call themselves photogrammetrists."

The A. G. S. is particularly interested in this new surveying art because without it the Society probably could not finish its great task, the "Millionth Map" of the Americas.

This is an enterprise which would challenge

the admiration and envy of that great pioneer in geography, Prince Henry the Navigator, of Portugal. Explorers and draftsmen have been engaged on that masterpiece of cartography for several decades.

Before the age of aerial map-making, the A. G. S. obtained most of its information from prospectors for oil companies, mining and smelter corporations.

Until the war ends and the photogrammetrists can get on the job again, the American Geographical Society will continue to accept the discovery of the source of the Orinoco with reservations, principally as a starting point for a more accurate survey.

This has been one of the great mysteries of geography, as challenging as the search for the sources of the Nile used to be, or for the Northwest Passage, and also for the great Patagonian Icecap.

Aviation, too, has conquered the vast unexplored regions of Greenland's interior which is a huge icecap enclosed in a rim of mountains. The ice is estimated to be 9,000 feet thick at the center. Where only a few years

ago this frigid waste was an unknown land, today American military planes garrisoned in Greenland fly over it ever searching for possible secret German radio stations. Several of these have been destroyed by American aerial exploration, and the Army, Navy and Coast Guard aviators are ever on the alert to break up any new bases that might be found.

As you can see on any map, the course of the Orinoco is shaped like an enormous fishhook. Its exploration has a fascinating history, involving many illustrious names.

As any school child knows, Christopher Columbus discovered one of the 36 mouths of its delta. He immediately wrote to Queen Isabella and King Ferdinand: "If this river does not flow from the earthly paradise, it comes and flows from a boundless land to the south of which

hitherto there has been no knowledge." Early in the 13th century, Sir Walter Raleigh led a couple of expeditions up the Orinoco, looking for the legendary city of gold. He called it El Dorado. His motives were different from those of Alvar Nunez (Cabeza de Vaca), in his quest for the Golden City of Manoa.

As I observed in these pages some time ago, Nunez was looking for a Utopia, an earthly paradise. The great Elizabethan Englishman was looking for riches. From the first of his two forays he brought back some specimens of gold quartz. More important still was the material gathered for his book "The Discovery of Guiana," which in



Sir Walter Raleigh Led Expeditions Up the Orinoco But Never Found the City of Gold.



Arrow Points to the Unique Cassiquiare Waterway, Connecting Link Between the Orinoco and Rio Negro Rivers.

August 27, 1944

a FABULOUS TROVE of GEMS?



For Centuries, Like a Spectral Guardian, the Mountains Between Venezuela and Brazil Defied the Great Treasure-Hunters—Columbus, Sir Walter Raleigh, Father Pamplona, Humboldt—to Penetrate Mysterious Country Beyond.

its day was a great success.

In 1613, after many vicissitudes, including a naval raid on Cadiz, a conspiracy to assassinate King James I., and a stretch in the Tower of London, Raleigh returned to the Orinoco, captured the town of San Tomas, but again left soon afterward without material profit.

Despite his failure, and the failure of every other explorer, legend persists and today the Indians of the Orinoco still talk about the land of the mysterious great lake on whose shores dwelt people who had much gold. And because legends grow as they become older, the tales of today are probably even more fantastic than those that Sir Walter Raleigh heard so many years ago.

It was not until 1650 that the Orinoco was explored in earnest. Beginning with Friar Francisco de Pamploña, the Spaniards established missions, hundreds of them, up and down both its banks for some distance.

The missionaries were the first to discover a unique attribute of the Orinoco, the Cassiquiare waterway, a canal dug by nature, which connects the Orinoco with the Rio Negro, which in turn is a tributary of the Amazon.

Dr. Hamilton Rice of Boston investigated the Cassiquiare in 1907 and wrote: "It is the only sample of its kind in the world."

Dr. Rice, incidentally, penetrated to the upper reaches of the Orinoco, making five expeditions altogether, but the hostility of the Indian tribesmen prevented him from finding its sources.

In spite of its mystery there is nothing new about life on the Orinoco River. In 1764, twelve years before the American Revolution, the thriving town of Ciudad Bolívar was founded some 225 miles upstream. Ciudad Bolívar used to be Angostura, and was not only the birthplace of Venezuela's constitution, but is also world famous as the home of Angostura bitters.

The Spanish word Angostura means "narrows" and was applied to the location of the town because the Orinoco River narrows at this point to only a few hundred yards between rocky hills. Flowing through this narrow gap with gigantic force the Orinoco River has scoured out a channel to a depth of 232 feet below sea level at this point. The mean depth of the river at Ciudad Bolívar is 335 feet.

In the 19th century the greatest explorer of the river was Alexander von Humboldt. As General Sir Percy Sykes remarked in his "History of Exploration," Humboldt was not only an explorer but a very great scientist and the founder of modern physical geography. It was he who first described that loathsome nocturnal bird, the guacharo.

"It is of the size of our fowls," he wrote, "and has the mouth of the goatsuckers and penguins, and the port of those vultures, the crooked beak of which is surrounded with stiff silky hairs."

In his travels Humboldt reached the upper waters of the Orinoco, and discovered the sand bars where great numbers of turtles each year lay their eggs. Humboldt estimated that there were 300,000 turtles there in his day, but the number has been greatly reduced since that time. The natives not only gather the eggs to eat but they extract an oil from them to make turtle lard.

Humboldt did not penetrate far enough up the river to see the curious Hoatzin bird, discovered



The Extraordinary "Fingered" Hoatzin Bird of the Orinoco.

by later travelers. This one is obviously a hang-over from the days when flying reptiles roamed the world. Its fledglings still have claws on the ends of their wings by means of which they climb before they can fly.

The young Hoatzin can dive and swim, hisses like a snake and emits a foul odor as a protection against enemies.

Since the five expeditions led by Hamilton Rice, the Orinoco country has been surveyed from the south by an officer of the Brazilian army, General Candido Mariano da Silva Rondon, to whom all genuine explorers take off their hats.

Sir Percy Sykes records that the general has gone into the field year after year, making friends with the Indians and doing it so effectively that nobody else has such great influence with them as Rondon.

He was of great service to the late Theodore Roosevelt in his search for the River of Doubt. It was Rondon who first obtained information that the British Colonel Fawcett had perished at the hands of hostile tribes near Bakari, north of the Matto Grosso, the report that was corroborated

independently by the American Commander Dyott. The most recent approaches to the source of the Orinoco were made by Dr. Herbert S. Dickey, advancing south from Venezuela, and by Desmond Holdridge coming from the Guiana Highlands.

The Orinoco's delta has ever been a land of mystery. Into its tangled, green-hell jungle growth vanished the American flier, Paul Redfern.

Back in the 20's, when aerial pioneers were spanning oceans in tiny planes, Redfern took off from Brunswick, Ga., on a flight to Brazil. Without radio equipment and with the minimum of gasoline Redfern spanned the Caribbean Sea and was last sighted as he circled a tiny freighter seeking directions. He vanished over the Orinoco's delta and has never been seen since.

Next week the second article of the Road Back series, telling how the Ball natives got revenge on the Japanese conquerors, will be resumed.

Merry, Merry, So Culinary

MERRY FAHRNEY, the Chicago heiress who looks like a million dollars and acts it, has acquired a new husband—and all because of the tasty dishes she manages to stir up in the kitchen.

Until now, cooking has been one of the accomplishments in Merry's kaleidoscope life that has been a well-kept secret. It was given away by Carlos Ojeda, 23, son of the Mexican Ambassador to the Argentine, who is Merry's No. 6 hubby.

Of her, Carlos says: "She is the most perfect cook I ever saw. She captured me by my tummy."

Merry thumbed her nose at the United States two years ago for Baron Herbert von Strempel, former first secretary of the German Embassy at Washington. For love of him she conveniently married a waiter so she could get a passport and follow the Baron to Argentina. Soon she was through with him, however, and Carlos is the man now.

Merry is the marrying kind and has been ever since she was scarcely out of her teens.

It's a funny thing, too. For Merry comes of staid Quaker stock. Her grandfather, Peter Fahrney, founded a fortune in patent medicine, which netted her something close to \$6,000,000, of which the United States Government froze a sizable amount because of her Nazi associations.

Merry's parents are quiet, unostentatious folk. Except for Merry they probably never would have been mentioned in the public prints.

The Fahrneys never knew what to expect from her. Once they sent Merry on an ocean cruise and themselves went away for a week-end. When they got back the house was ablaze with light and quaking with noise. Merry had arrived back home

Red-Haired Merry Has Made a Habit of Marriage, but It Remained for Carlos Ojeda (Below) to Reveal the Secret of Her Charm.



—with dozens of cruise passengers as her house guests!

In 1930, in her pursuit of the Quixotic, Merry made a parachute jump from an airplane. It might have cost her her life, except that her life is charmed. The shrouds of the chute caught in the plane and she dangled in mid-air, safe so long as the pilot

kept the ship aloft but doomed to death if he landed. Bruno Schustek, a German war ace, went up in another plane and loosened the fouled lines. Lucky Merry floated to the ground. Unfortunate Schustek plummeted to death.

The next year, just turned 20, Merry launched on her marrying career. The man was Hugh Parker Pickering, a serious-minded chap with wealth as substantial as hers.

The marriage went well for two years. It might have continued indefinitely if Pickering hadn't made a mistake.

He took a guest home for dinner—the widely known Count Giorgi di Giorgi, of Italy and Chile.

With 5 Husbands Already in Her Collection, Merry Chased Down to the Argentine in Pursuit of Nazi Baron Herbert von Strempel but After She Got There She Found Another More to Her Liking.

Nobody Ever Dreamed the Romantic Runaway Fahrney Heiress, Who Has Had Five Husbands, Would Win a Sixth—Not for Money, Not for Looks, but Because She Can Dish Up a Good Meal

Until that moment Merry was living conveniently in a Chicago hotel with her husband and their child, Peter. The handsome nobleman gave her ideas which, after six months, caused Pickering to announce that he or the other had to go out of her life. She opened the door to Pickering.

After her divorce, Merry decided to become Countess di Giorgi. But a government agent stepped in and sent di Giorgi on his way to Chile because he had overstayed his visitor's visa.

Ten days later Merry, in her grief over the shattered romance, took a walk. On

her way, Frank von Elzner, a childhood friend, waved to her from his car. She accepted his offer of a ride and a drink. The next day she woke up in a hospital with a fractured skull and a husband. The marriage later was annulled.

No. 3 in Merry's Book of Life was Baron Arturo Berlingieri. He came on the scene in 1937 when Merry was still pining for di Giorgi. They eloped to Harrison, N. Y., and by September of that year were fighting it out in a Chicago court.

Merry has a penchant for titles, so it was natural that her No. 4 was Count Oleg Cassini. Thus, for a while, she was a countess. However, not for long. She went to court again, charging that Cassini had used her for a football. He countered, charging she had chummed around with six men.

The divorce was granted quickly.

The fifth husband on Merry's tally card was strictly for convenience. She was mad about von Strempel, who found the climate of the

Argentine more salubrious than that of the United States after Pearl Harbor. Merry wanted to follow him. The State Department said no—because of her friendliness with known enemies of the nation.

Ever resourceful, Merry found a way by locating Nils Kurt Holm, a Swedish waiter in a New York restaurant, who married her for \$1,500 at Cheraw, S. C., so she could travel to Argentina on a Swedish passport.

After that, Merry sued Holm, as planned, charging she had been beaten on her wedding night, which she didn't even spend with him. She got the decree and high-tailed to Buenos Aires, ostensibly to become the bride of von Strempel—which she didn't.



Nils Kurt Holm Was Husband No. 5—But in Name Only.





*"Ten hurry-ups
for hungry time!"*

with creamy-smooth
Peter Pan
PEANUT BUTTER

It does not stick to the roof of your mouth!

Want new ideas on how to fill a lunch box... or a hungry family? We recommend Peter Pan Peanut Butter, deliciously blended with whatever sandwich fixin's your pantry provides!

Peter Pan spreads easily on bread, and blends perfectly with other foods because it's so creamy and smooth. To get this appetizing smoothness we triple-mill the finest Government-graded peanuts obtainable. And being creamy and smooth right down to the bottom of the jar, Peter Pan has no oil separation, does not turn rancid, will "keep" indefinitely!

Nourishing Peter Pan is rich in needed proteins. And an average 1-oz. serving furnishes an important part of the daily requirements of Niacin and Vitamin B₁! Will you try Peter Pan in some of the ten quick-to-fix sandwiches mentioned here? Get the thrifty 2-lb. family size jar!

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Makers of famous Ready to Serve Derby Meat Specialties for 75 years
Invest in Victory — with more War Bonds!

Peter Pan Peanut Butter Sandwiches made with: 1. sliced banana, 2. jelly, 3. lunch tongue, 4. sliced cucumber, 5. chopped dates, 6. sliced tomato, 7. chopped celery, 8. bacon, 9. orange marmalade, 10. sliced orange.

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Please send me a FREE copy of "Peter Pan Peanut Butter in Your Daily Diet!"

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Catherine Searles, Rich, Beautiful, Talented, Risked Her Future for a Moment's Shallow Thrill—and Lost.

Shocking Climax to OUR "Bright Young People's" Thrill-Hunt

Maybe Cathy Searles and Her Gay Night Clubbers Were Imitating That Intolerable Clique of English Crackpots When They Staged Their Midnight Antics in New York's Zoo—But the Fun Ended When a Polar Bear Bit Off the Heiress' Arm

FOR a period of 20 years, some of England's most acintillating intellects were devoted almost exclusively to a great and weighty problem—what to do when a party starts to get boring.

The solutions that were reached amid the tinkle of glassware and the titillating pop of champagne corks not only shocked an entire nation but gave a satirical label to the perpetrators of that brand of screwball entertainment. England called them the "Bright Young People."

An ever-increasing thirst for post-party thrills among the junior members of our own cafe society has caused psychologists to wonder whether the United States might be acquiring a Yankee facet of the British clique.

This quest for dangerous amusement reached a tragic crescendo early one recent morning when four representatives of New York's younger social set topped off a round of parties with a 2 a. m. bear-baiting expedition to the Central Park Zoo.

After tramping from cage to cage through the dim and deserted menagerie, the gay quartet finally found the steel-barred enclosure in which Soc, a 900-pound polar bear, and Cony, his mate, were sleeping.

"Here's where we have some fun!" shouted Catherine Searles, 24-year-old volunteer Red Cross worker and only daughter of Henry M. Searles, a zinc magnate of Rahway, N. J.

She and her companions climbed over a three-foot guard rail designed to keep visitors at a safe distance, and mounted a two-foot concrete

ledge into which the bars of the cage were sunk. The faint light was just bright enough to illuminate a sign which read "Do Not Feed or Tease the Animals. \$25 Fine." Directly under it, the nocturnal visitors whistled and shouted to arouse the sleeping bears. Soc grumpily pulled himself to his feet and lumbered toward them.

Corporal Edward A. Cheney of Manchester, Conn., a socialite soldier on furlough, reached over a low fence of chain mesh and stuck his service cap through the bars. Soc was in no mood for play. With a swift swipe of his paw, he knocked the cap to the other end of the cage. There was loud laughter while Cheney and William Chick, a vacationer from Boston, broke off a tree branch and fished it out.

To Cathy Searles, this was too much fun to resist. She reached through the bars and flaunted her handkerchief. Instead of making a pass at the handkerchief, Soc grabbed the arm with both paws, pulled the startled girl against the cage and buried his teeth into her elbow.

Cathy, moaning, sank limply against the bars as her friends tried vainly to pull her away. "My God, do something!" screamed Gertrude Brady, 22, Cathy's best friend. The two men lit matches and threw them into the cage but Soc only chewed the harder. Finally Cheney ran to a nearby trash can, grabbed a newspaper, set it aflame and thrust it into Soc's face. The bear drew back, and the mangled lower half of the girl's arm fell to the floor of the cage.

An ambulance took Cathy to a hospital, where her arm was amputated near the shoulder. Blood transfusions and penicillin saved her life.

The next morning zoo attendants retrieved her "good luck" charm bracelet and her diamond and sapphire ring, both of which were found on the floor, broken and ground into bits.

Bear-baiting was one thrill that never occurred

to England's Bright Young People, but they thought of practically everything else. They had masked parties, Wild West parties, Russian parties, circus parties, next-to-nude parties, parties in flats, studios, houses, ships, hotels, night clubs, windmills, dirigibles and public swimming pools. They had treasure hunts, scavenger hunts, beaver (beavers are beards) hunts, ugliest-person hunts, penny chases, anything to create confusion and annoy as many people as possible.

One of their most spectacular post-party excursions was an outgrowth of a Mozart Party, to which everybody came in 18th century costumes and sipped a few drinks while an impromptu pianist pounded the piano in what he considered true Mozart fashion.

"That sounds more like a pneumatic drill than a piano," a wag observed.

"All right; let's get a pneumatic drill," the pianist suggested.

That's the way the evening's excitement started, as it did at most of the B.Y.P.'s parties. They all hopped into cars, gathered a sheaf of picks and shovels, borrowed a pneumatic drill from a construction job, and, at 4 a. m., started to dig up a stretch of paving in Piccadilly Circus, one of London's busiest thoroughfares.

By the time the bobbies arrived, they had made such a handsome hole that traffic was tied up until the damage could be repaired.

It was the Bright Young People's yen to leave parties and go places and do things that gave rise to the treasure hunt, now a popular pastime in a somewhat modified form. The original idea, as they planned it, was to plant a series of clues all over London in the most impossible, embarrassing and forbidden places imaginable. At a signal, couples raced in their cars from clue to clue, eventually locating a prize which sometimes amounted to as much as \$5,000.

ONE evening a crotchety old nobleman was aroused from his sleep by what seemed to be an apparition in white suspended in the air outside his second-story bedroom window. He got up, threw open the sash, and discovered that his unexpected visitor was Lady Eleanor Smith, who was standing on the shoulders of her escort, who, in turn, was standing on top of a car that had been backed against the house.

"What is all this?" demanded the irate householder.

"Oh, nothing," Lady Eleanor said with a giggle. "It's just a treasure hunt, old dear."

She reached up to the top of the window frame, pulled down a slip of paper which had been stuck there, took a look at it and thrust it back.

"This is an outrage," His Lordship sputtered. "The very first thing in the morning I shall tell your father, my good friend Lord Birkenhead."

Lady Eleanor departed and the wooer of Morpheus returned to his bed. A few minutes later there was another disturbance outside the window. This time His Lordship wasted no time with words but tossed a flower through the opening—without removing the pot. Then he looked out of the window and discovered, to his horror, that he had crowned Lord Birkenhead, who was one of the treasure hunters.

One of the Most Spectacularly Stupid Stunts of London's "Bright Young People" Climaxed a Costume Party When the Blueblooded Nitwits Borrowed a Pneumatic Drill and Began Tearing Up Piccadilly Circus at 4:00 A.M.





The Crotchety Old Nobleman Stared in Amazement at the Smiling Face of Lady Eleanor Framed in His Bedroom Window.

The Hon. Elizabeth Ponsonby Pelly, daughter of Lord Ponsonby, was one of the Bright Young People's shining lights. She created quite a glare one evening by actually "setting the Thames on fire." With some of her friends, she gathered up all the remaining bottles of liquor at a party. They hired cabs, rode to the river bank, emptied the bottles on the water and threw in a match, resulting in a brief blaze.

"It was a lot of fun," Elizabeth agreed the next day, "but it was a waste of good drinking liquor."

Lizzie got a nice press on that one, but the papers were much less considerate about another one of her stunts. They agreed that her "pajamas and bottle party," at which every guest had to dress in pajamas and bring his or her own potables, was "absolutely shocking, if not downright degrading."

The "bottle and bath party," however, was what really aroused the indignation of staid and conservative Britons. Brian Howard, David Tennant and the Hon. Eddie Gathorne-Hardy, brother of Lord Cranbrook, were the hosts for that affair.

A heat wave was on at the time, so the trio rented a public swimming pool, had a special dance floor constructed, and invited guests to bring a bottle and come in their bathing suits, so they could enjoy a swim when they weren't dancing or drinking.

As it turned out, there was a little dancing, considerable swimming and a great deal of drinking. After a while, some of the guests got tired of sitting around in wet bathing suits and simply slipped them off. The idea gained favor and before long the guests were either suitless or in hiding to escape the jeers of the less prissy.

Even at that, the party might have gotten by without too much comment had it not been for a prankster who not only vanished with the

discarded bathing suits but with all other garments to boot.

It was when the suddenly sobered guests tried to sneak home that the newspapers found out.

These pranks finally reached a stage where an irate Member of Parliament asked: "How long is this sort of thing going to be tolerated?"

What the Prime Minister, who was at the time the staid and peace-loving Ramsay MacDonald, answered, did not really matter. For the doings of the Bright Young People apparently

The Great Jaws Clamped Mercilessly on Cathy's Outstretched Arm, and as She Hung There, Moaning, the Young Soldier Lit a Twisted Newspaper and Thrust It Into the Bear's Face.

never ceased until the war and the Blitz made them realize the more serious aspects of life.



Can I have the sales rights for THOR Washers in Iceland?

I want to come back to Iceland after the war and sell Thor Washers to the natives!

These people here don't have to be *sold*. They're just waiting for a Thor like a kid for Christmas.

They've seen ours at camp, washing away day after day, winter or summer, getting clothes clean without any work. They've seen how the clothes come in, and how they come out—and boy! what they would give for a Thor *right now*!



The famous THOR WASHER that has made wash day a happy day for millions of women!

DO NOT
OPEN
UNTIL
VICTORY

NEW Thor
AUTOMATIC
WASHER

Thor

Here under wraps... is the grandest THOR Washer of all... to be ready for you after the war!

If you have been yearning for a Thor, ask your Thor dealer to let you sign his Thor Priority Register. This is his list of first-to-be-served customers. Get your name down for one of the very first Thors to be released. You pay nothing now, are not obligated to buy later, but you are assured a priority of attention when the new Thors are available again.



Cheers for the Thor are coming in from all over the globe—from places not even on the maps. But wherever the Army and Navy go, there's a good chance that a Thor goes, too, to fight dirt for the boys who are fighting the war.

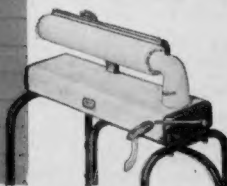
Getting clothes *clean* is the Thor job. In war or peace it does its work quietly, carefully, uncomplainingly. Millions of women—and now multitudes of men, too—have found that the Thor is the most dependable work saver they ever met.

And after the war there will be a new *automatic* Thor. It will have features you never even dreamed were possible. You'll lose your heart to this grandest of all Thors.

HURLEY MACHINE DIVISION

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Toronto, Canada; London, England



The THOR GLADIRON... women said it couldn't be improved... but wait and see!



F. Matania's
Painting of the
Meeting
Between
the Queen
of Sheba
and King
Solomon,
Supposed
Ancestors of
the Ethiopian
Emperor.

By BYRON DE PROROK

DURING the past 11 years, nine prophecies have been made by a fragile little man with tiny fluttering hands, a thin hooked nose, a ruff of coarse black hair, a long black beard and dark eyes that glitter, when he talks of the future, as though he were preconceiving something far beyond human ken.

He is King of Kings, the Lion of Judah, Defender of the Christian Faith, Haile Selassie, Emperor of the Ancient Kingdom of Ethiopia, the Chosen of God.

Seven of Haile Selassie's prognostications, it is claimed, have come true. The lives of thousands, the happiness of millions, and perhaps the fate of the whole world hinge on whether he is as infallible about the remaining two as he was with the others.

Emperors are prone to speak as though the years and centuries to come were spread before them like an open book. But Haile Selassie has much more reason than most to consider himself as an infallible soothsayer.

Legend says, and Ethiopians believe, that the Imperial Family is descended from King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, and that much of the wisdom of that mighty king has come down to those who sit on the Ethiopian throne.

The first of Selassie's nine prophecies was told to me after I had successfully terminated my search in northwestern Ethiopia for the mines of that same King Solomon.

It was in 1933. The Lion of Judah, sitting on the golden throne of the Ghibi, the imperial palace at Addis Ababa, and fondling the ears of his Belgian griffon, said:

"We shall be attacked by Mussolini in two years."

Twenty-four months later, on Oct. 3, 1935, the Fascist armies swarmed into Ethiopia, sweeping Emperor Selassie's 10,000,000 subjects before them.

Two days after the battle of Lake Ashangi, I was with the melancholy monarch as he looked into the skies and watched bombs dropping from a plane piloted by Mussolini's son, Bruno. In the soft Amharic language of his fathers, Selassie predicted:

"The day is not too long distant when that vulture of the air will perish"

August 27, 1944



Haile Selassie—King of Kings, Lion of Judah—and Prophet Extraordinary.

in his own cold, cruel blood. He who lives by the sword shall perish by the sword."

In 1941, Bruno was killed in a crash while testing a bomber that had been assigned to his squadron.

Haile Selassie was a sickly child, but he always seemed to be enveloped in a dignity that lifted him above those near him. He drew it around him like a cloak when, in Geneva in 1936, he faced the assembly of the League of Nations and made his third and perhaps his most amazing prophecy:

"I shall return to my capital on the fifth anniversary of its capture."

It is now history that the King of Kings re-entered Addis Ababa on

Crowds Celebrating the Armistice on Nov. 11, 1918. Haile Selassie Predicts an Allied European Victory on or Within a Few Days of the Same Date This Year.



KEYSTONE VIEW CO

King Haile, Perfect Prophet — Up to Now

The Ruler of Ethiopia Has Made Nine Forecasts of World History; Seven Have Clicked—No. 8 Picks November for Victory

May 5, 1941, five years to the day after it had been taken.

That very evening of his speech, as he sat in his apartment in the Hotel des Bergues with a few faithful friends and League delegates, the exiled emperor told them:

"We, the weak, shall see the godless Mussolini perish, devoured by disease, and his family assassinated or in misery. And the curse of the bombed Ethiopian people will be on his soul for all eternity."

I next saw Haile Selassie in 1937 in Fairfield, Bath, England. He had retired there with his family. The little man in the black coat and tribby hat was as dignified as ever—and as far-seeing. He told me:

"There will be a second World War

as a result of what happened to Ethiopia. For that violation of an independent country will only encourage aggression. A terrible conflict lies ahead."

I told him there was still hope of averting the conflict, but he turned his big black eyes on me and slowly shook his head. Then he went on:

"As in the case of Ethiopia, the weaker nations will fall first. But the powers of evil will be overthrown, and the weakest of these—Mussolini's Italy—will be the first to fall, followed by Hitler."

He spoke almost as if he were in a trance, and I am willing to believe now that there was something mystic about the entire evening, because the next thing he said to me was:

"It will take three years to defeat the rapacious Fascist and his crew." Mussolini fell from power just three years after his "stab in the back" at prostrate France.

As we walked down the chilly corridor of the Bath villa on my departure that evening, the man who was known there as "Mr. Tafari" observed, almost casually:

"One year after the fall of Italy, the Allies will be victorious in Europe. The victory will take place around Armistice Day, sometime near November 11, 1944."

It was then I remembered the ninth prophecy, another that he had made that night in the Hotel des Bergues in Geneva as we sat around him:

"There will only be a lasting peace if the United States of America takes a leading hand in the moral leadership of the world."

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY 11

What goes on here?

(AND WHAT YOU CAN DO ABOUT IT!)



A "sip-and-run" eater was Gail.
She'd teach until ten—then turn pale.
"Grape-Nuts Flakes start you right!"
Said a kid who was bright,
"Start to eat 'em—be hearty and hale!"



A strapping policeman was Jim
Who sadly lacked vigor and vim.
Now he breakfasts on good
Grape-Nuts Flakes like he should!
And there's plenty of ginger in him!



A glamorous waitress named June
Would wilt on the job much too soon.
Then a friend said, "Look here!
Eat some Grape-Nuts Flakes, dear!
With a breakfast like this, you won't swoon."



HERE'S WHERE YOU COME IN!

Government authorities say: Most of us don't eat an adequate breakfast.

Doctors and dietitians say: All of us should get at least $\frac{1}{4}$ of our daily nourishment at breakfast—including whole-grain nourishment.

We say: For well-tasting whole-grain nourishment, try honey-golden, sweet-as-a-nut Grape-Nuts Flakes. Add your favorite fruit. On with the milk! Man, what a flavor-full, energy-full dish!

All these General Foods cereals provide whole-grain nourishment:

GRAPE-NUTS • GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES • GRAPE-NUTS WHEAT-MEAL
POST TOASTIES • POST'S 40% BRAN FLAKES • POST'S RAISIN BRAN

GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES

A GENERAL FOODS CEREAL

Eat a good breakfast—do a better job!

WRONG-HANDED? NO SUCH THING!

Maybe You Think You're a Lefty or a Righty, But If Your Dominant Hand, Foot and Eye Aren't in Unison, You're a Crossed-Dextral

To Find Out If You're Right- or Left-Eyed, Sight Through a Ring at Some Object a Few Yards Away, Then Alternately Close Each Eye and See Which Way the Ring Jumps.



Unconsciously, She Has Put on Her Left Stocking First, Which May Be an Indication That the Young Lady Is Left-Footed.

Fred Lewis Photo.

THE left hemisphere of the brain controls the right half of the body and the right hemisphere controls the left half. Are you dominantly right-brained or left-brained, with most of the work being done by one side of the body? Or are you a crossed-dextral—as a surprisingly large number of people are—with impulses coming from either side of the brain and possibly tending to throw your whole system into momentary confusion?

A crossed-dextral is a person who is right-handed, but left-eyed or left-footed, or one who is left-handed but right-footed or right-eyed. Psychologists are working on a new series of tests to determine whether crossed-dextrals are handicapped in life.

The imperceptible but constant strain of trying to keep nerve "telegraph wires" from becoming tangled is blamed by some psychologists for everything from nervous breakdowns to utter failure in life.

It's easy enough to tell whether you are left- or right-eyed. Hold a finger ring at arm's length and encircle a small object a few yards away, keeping both eyes open. Now close one eye at a time. If the ring jumps to the right when you close your right eye, but remains stationary when you close your left, you are right-eyed. If the opposite is true, you are left-eyed. If it moves

when you close either eye, you are either-eyed—and very exceptional.

Determining whether you are right- or left-handed isn't just a matter of which hand you write and eat with. There are other tests, which psychologists consider more indicative.

Which thumb is outside when you clasp your hands with the fingers interlacing? Which arm is uppermost when you fold your arms? Which hand is lower on the broom handle when you sweep? With which hand do you throw a ball and in which hand do you hold the thread when threading a needle?

The foot that you use in spading is generally considered the dominant foot, but psychologists will want to know also what foot you use in kicking a ball and which sock or stocking you put on first.

One group of psychologists, led by J. B. Watson, the noted behaviorist, has maintained for years that handedness is not an instinct but that children are socially conditioned to use the right hand. Not only do children imitate their elders, this group points out, but they are taught almost from infancy to wave bye-bye, shake hands, eat and write, always with the right hand.

Other students of behavior, who concede that only four to eight per cent of the populace is left-handed, maintain that 30 per cent would nor-

mally favor the left hand if it were not for childhood training.

J. M. Rife, an expert on types of dextrality, insists that those who write, eat and throw right-handed, but bat and sweep left-handed, are "the ideal type, from the standpoint of symmetrical bodily development."

Some psychologists advocate exercises with the inferior hand, foot and eye to develop the body equally on both sides. Others maintain, however, that we are usually much better off if we are entirely right-sided or left-

sided, and that any appreciable division is likely to cause trouble.

Crossed-dextrals may be handicapped in everyday life, as

some experts contend, but they seem to do very well in sports. Babe Ruth writes with his right hand, although he throws and bats and plays golf with his left. Jack Horner, former Amherst football star, who is credited with the longest punt in gridiron history—85 yards in the air—is right-handed and right-eyed, but kicks with his left foot.

And there's Aubrey Bommer, British Ryder Cup player and five times open golf champion of France, who is left-handed, left-footed and left-eyed, but plays golf right-handed. Bobby Jones, Jesse Sweetser and Walter Hagen, all famous right-handed golfers, are said to have started life with a preference for the left hand.

Automobile designers have paid little attention

to dextrality. Hand brakes are liable to be either on the left or the right, although the gearshift lever is usually more accessible to right-handers. The clutch, used more often, is operated by the left foot but the foot brake, which requires stronger pressure, is at the right.

Every driver should know whether he is right-eyed or left-eyed, according to the Better Vision Institute, so he may guard against errors in seeing.

Right-eyed persons usually have difficulty in observing anything approaching on the left. Left-eyed drivers, besides being slow to observe pedestrians or vehicles coming from the right, are prone to misjudge distances when passing a car.

The institute's records show that 70 per cent of right-handed people are also right-eyed, but only 50 per cent of left-handers are left-eyed.

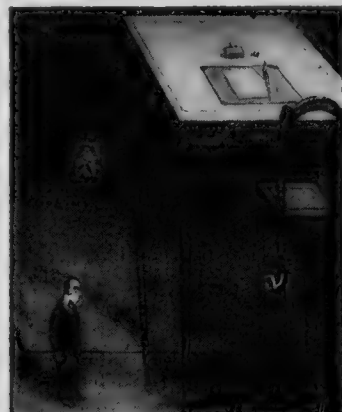
Superstitious folk have believed for centuries that anything on the left was unlucky or even evil.

But the lefties have a new champion now. To establish "once and for all the essential advantages of leftyism," the National Concert and Artists Corporation has prepared a radio show entitled "Left Is Right," to be broadcast weekly. Only left-handed people will participate.

Left-handed violinists, who can never play in symphony orchestras because their lardboard bow strokes always ruin the pictorial symmetry, are particularly interested in the program. Maybe some sympathetic soul will devise a program soon for the crossed-dextrals.



Images From the Master Right Eye Cross Over and Are Controlled by the Left Half of the Brain.



Some Crossed-Dextrals Have No Trouble But Others Acquire Inferiority Complexes Until Everything Seems Out of Proportion.

Lana Turner
in "MARRIAGE IS A PRIVATE AFFAIR"

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture



Loveliness

... in just a few seconds
with this modern make-up



★ It creates a lovely new complexion



★ It helps conceal tiny complexion faults



★ It stays on for hours without re-powdering

You can give your natural beauty the added appeal of entrancing loveliness...in just a few seconds...with Pan-Cake Make-Up. You'll be thrilled with your very first make-up...and you'll see for yourself that Pan-Cake Make-Up does everything you have always wanted make-up to do. Just try Pan-Cake Make-Up...originated by Max Factor Hollywood for Technicolor pictures...and you, like millions, will instantly approve this new make-up fashion.

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* Pan-Cake...Trade Mark Reg U. S. Pat. Off.

ORIGINATED BY **MAX FACTOR HOLLYWOOD**

MANNERS for every mutt, but masters, too, need lessons in making pups obedient—that is the motto of the new schools which ASPCA dog welfare workers are setting up all over the country for purps and their owners—no pedigree required of either.

The first school was opened in New York several weeks ago, with Miss Blanche Saunders, Emily Post for postures, as follows.

The curriculum (no puns, please) is to be the same basic training which war dogs or even the high-toned American Kennel Club obedience school patriots undergo.

The dog learns, and the master learns how to teach him, to walk at heel; to sit or lie and stay put; to carry small objects; to stop barking, and, splitting an infinitive, to not jump on people who haven't asked him to. It is rumored, though Miss

Cute Puppy Tricks Come Naturally at Five Months, But a Dog Has to Be at Least a Year Old—Hence Less Playful—for the Serious Work of the ASPCA School.



Your Pooch Should Be Polite

Herky (Left), Half-Breed Shepherd, First Prize Obedience School Winner; and Right—Daisy, Highly Trained Canine Comedienne.



PENGUIN Photo

Saunders will not confirm it, that there will even be a postgraduate course in how to keep puppies from tearing up slippers.

The master should give his commands with exactly the same gestures and words each time, Miss Saunders says, and in obeying, the dog will respond 75 per cent to the gesture and 25 per cent to the words. Also, the training must be given seriously, not as a game.

But in general the idea is for dogs to learn how to get along with humans, and vice versa. Maybe some day humans will learn how to get along with themselves.

Sands Hid the Lament Pharaoh's Secret 4000 Years

By WARREN HALL

A SECRET of the past that has been buried under the sands of the Nile for 4000 years was uncovered the other day. It was the tragedy of old King Unas, last Pharaoh of Egypt's Fifth Dynasty, who disowned and perhaps killed his only son and heir because the young prince had turned his back on the gods of his fathers.

The whole poignant story of filial infidelity and parental sternness, of treachery and intrigue of jealous gods and grasping high priests, came to the attention of historians when the Egyptian Department of Antiquities sank new excavations close to the pyramid of King Unas at Sakkhara, a few miles south of Cairo.

Old Unas had lived a full life. He was about 10 when he ascended the throne of Egypt and he died in 2588 B. C. after a reign of 30 years. He had treated his people well—better, in fact, than most Egyptian monarchs.

Why, then, had the Fifth Dynasty ended when the soul fled the body of its ninth and last Pharaoh? Was it because Unas left no heir? No record of any son of the lusty old king had ever been found, and that was one of the mysteries the antiquarian expedition hoped to clear up when it began to tear away the veil of sand.

His pyramid had been uncovered many years before. He had named it *Nofersetu*, "the most beautiful place." It was a noble edifice, rearing high above the surrounding plains.

Inside were five chambers. The first, as usual, was for the entertainment of spiritual visitors. In the second chamber was the black basalt sarcophagus which contained the king's mummy. The other three were for the burial of members of the royal family. They were empty.



The Buglar-Proof Sarcophagus of Prince Ptahshepses, Recently Discovered in a Solitary Burial Chamber Connected With His Father's Tomb by a Secret Tunnel.

In some forgotten century, a party of very unspiritual visitors had been in the second chamber. Not only had the room been plundered, but the sarcophagus itself had been looted and only a few bones remained of the proud Pharaoh's mummy.

King Unas had been deeply religious. On the walls of the chambers were inscriptions far more comprehensive and imaginative than those of any of his predecessors. Immortality was the basis of the Egyptian faith, but Unas seems to have been the first to develop the thought of a heavenly abode high up in the kingdom of Amon-Ra, the Sun God.

The king has not died the death," said one of the many similar inscriptions. "He has become one who rises like the morning sun from the horizon."

Because of his religious fervor, it was only to be expected that Unas would surround his pyramid with temples. Abdel Salam Effendi Mohamed, who was in charge of the expedition, had vowed to locate them. Perhaps the temples would hold some clue to the dynasty's death blow.

The first temple discovered adjoined the east face of the pyramid. It was gracefully and elaborately constructed, but it differed in few respects from

the temples built by other kings of the period.

Fanning further away from the pyramid, the archeologists drilled deeper into the sands of the centuries. Their borings turned up several crypts of the Fifth Dynasty which had been cut from solid rock. There was the tomb of Ptah Inkh, a series of rock-cut statues standing in niches.

There was the deep crypt of Akhet-hotep, which contained ten wooden statues of the deceased in excellent state of preservation. There was the sepulchre of Ptah-hotep-her, with beautifully painted scenes only half completed on the walls.

All these were extremely interesting, but they cast no light on the destruction of a dynasty.

ABDEL SALAM probed further. His men made a careful survey of the surrounding territory and discovered that an unexplained ridge seemed to lead from the pyramid temple down to the banks of the Nile. Workmen scooped the sand from the ridge and disclosed a covered causeway.

The excavators followed it down into the valley. At the end they found another temple built on a huge terrace and supported by a retaining wall against which the waters of the sacred river had lapped. The paving of the temple was intact, but only a few traces of walls and columns remained.

Carefully the sand was scraped from the ancient floor. In the very center of the temple, standing on a stone dais, was an object which quickened the pulses of its discoverers. It was a sarcophagus, or stone coffin, and was quite obviously the reason for the temple's existence.

Here was no ordinary tomb. The sarcophagus was hewn from beautiful green schist. It was perfectly plain except for a raised torus roll at the edges. The lid had a slight cornice and was constructed to slide on undercut grooves so that it could not be lifted off. A damaged cartouche showed that ghoul had failed to break in.

Historians Couldn't
Guess Why Old Unas
Left No Heir, Or Why
His Mummy Alone Oc-
cupied His Pyramid—
But an Underground
Tunnel Has Revealed
an Errant Son Who
Couldn't Be King



The Pyramid Tomb of King Unas, at Sakkhara, Egypt, Which Held the Clue to the Mystery of Why He Disinherited and Probably Killed His Only Son.

For the Last Time King Unas Entered the Dungeon and Implored His Son to Recant and Return to the Worship of Ra. But Ptahshepses, Gaunt with Hunger, Shook His Head and the King Turned Sorrowfully Away, Leaving Him to His Fate.

Every member of the expedition watched eagerly as the lid was slowly pushed back. Inside was the mummy of a man. It had been partially decomposed by water that leaked in from the protecting sands, but the figure was easily discernible. The usual amulets of beads, strung on gold wire were twisted about the arms, and on the left hand, where the embalmer had made his incision, was a rectangular plaque of heavy gold, beautifully inlaid with colored stones.

This was the key to the secret that saddened the last years of old King Unas. The plaque not only gave the name of the owner, Ptahshepses, but it identified him. He was the king's son.

It was surprising enough to discover that Unas had a son, but why should the mummy of a crown prince lie in an unmarked sarcophagus in the center of a temple? Why wasn't it in one of the chambers in the pyramid?

Egyptologists believed there was only one logical answer—King Unas had disowned his only son and heir because of some disagreement. The very name of the prince, Ptahshepses, in addition to the circumstances of his burial, seemed to indicate that he had become a follower of Ptah, the "Architect of the World," and had forsaken Ra, the Sun God, who was credited with having sired the first three members of the Fifth Dynasty.

It seemed logical to assume that the late monarch ordered the prince to recant.

The emotional conflict in King Unas was easily understandable. The disciples of Ptah had been growing rapidly in numbers and in power. If he permitted his son to succeed him, Ptah's priests would gain control of Egypt and all worship of Ra might be abolished. How then could he face

the Sun God in the kingdom of the skies after death? But if he disowned his son, he would terrify a dynasty that Ra himself had founded.

In his anguish, the king undoubtedly ordered the prince imprisoned until he came to his senses. Students of Egyptian customs could easily visualize the king's periodic visits to the dungeon. When Ptahshepses remained deaf to all exhortations the Pharaoh apparently ordered his food cut off.

A MAGNIFICENT belt of heavy gold encircled the mummy in the lonely sarcophagus. It was an inch and a half wide and was covered with a design of lotuses worked in tiny red, black and blue beads threaded on gold wire. The splendid collection of jewelry in the Cairo Museum boasted nothing to compare with it.

But it overlapped tremendously, and obviously had been made for a man almost twice the girth of the emaciated form in the crypt.

There must have come a day when a messenger approached the Pharaoh fearfully and announced:

"O king, your word is law. Your son has not spoken, so neither shall we eat. But he will cleave no longer either to Ra or Ptah. Today he has been claimed by Osiris, the guardian of the dead."

King Unas had no choice now. His son who had died in the arms of Ptah could

have no place in a pyramid sacred to Ra. He built the temple in the valley and there, beside the wooden "staff of power" that was a symbol of Ptah, the only heir to the Egyptian throne was laid in a forlorn tomb.

The most tragic feature of the self-imposed exile was that the sacrifice of his only son was in vain. After his death, the priests of Ptah advanced the cause of Toth, a young aristocrat of a collateral branch of the royal family, who came from Memphis and was a devout disciple and staunch supporter of the Architect of the World.

Toth seized the throne and became the founder of the Sixth Dynasty. He was only 22 but he soon displayed all the familiar attributes of a dictator. He turned at once on the followers who had put him into power. There had always been two high priests of Ptah, but Toth, who was sometimes called Toth the Terrible, disposed of them both and installed his own man, Sabu Thety, as sole high priest.

He had his own pyramid built not far from that of Unas and called it Tothsetu, "The Most Lasting of Places." It lasted long enough, but Toth didn't. His tomb was plundered by grave-robbers.

In life Toth didn't last as long as he did in death. At the end of eight years of his dictatorial reign, he was assassinated by his guards at the behest of a usurper who was backed by the priests of Osiris.

The new Pharaoh called himself Userkare, or "Mighty is the Spirit of Ra." But in some respects he was even more ruthless than his predecessor, and the Sun God's hierarchy found itself in a position not much better than before.

Userkare had a hunch, and it was a good one, that he wasn't going to last very long either. Because of the terrific heat, work in the quarries was usually abandoned in mid-summer. But there are records showing that Userkare kept the slaves, and a lot of Egyptians, too, working summer and winter, day and night, in a frantic effort to get his pyramid built before his death.

He didn't make it. His sojourn on the Egyptian throne was only a six-year stretch, and no trace of any Userkare pyramid has ever been found.

Just what happened to this interloper has not been established, but he was succeeded by Toth's son, who probably had been too young to make a bid for the kingship when his father was slain. The son called himself Pop Meryre and must have been considerable of a conciliator, because he managed to reconcile the two rival priesthods.

The work of the gods ended and for many years Ra and Ptah got along like a couple of office-holders at a political clamor.

Egypt basked for a while under a benign succession of Pharaohs, but the blood of Toth the Terrible was pungent enough to make itself felt in later generations. One of his descendants, the Sixth Dynasty was Queen Nitocris, who was the inspiration for a famous play by Lord Dunsany entitled "The Queen's Enemies."

The queen was described by current historians as "the beauty with the rosy cheeks," but there were no blushes on her soul. When her brother was assassinated, she determined to avenge him. She invited his suspected murderers to a feast, which was held in an underground chamber on the banks of the Nile.

They came, sure that treachery was in the queen's heart, and each brought an armed slave for protection. Queen Nitocris laughed at their fears.

"You are strong men and I am only a weak woman," she said. "How could I do you harm?"

When the food came, each of the guests gave his portion first to his slave to taste. The queen pushed the slaves aside and tasted it herself.

"I would not poison you. I want you to trust me. There was more wine, and the guests grew merry, but the queen was the merriest of all."

"I cannot bear to have enemies," she said. "I shall not sleep tonight if I have any enemies left. At the height of the feast, she slipped away to a hidden valve and let in the waters of the Nile, drowning them all. Apparently she slept well that night. She had no enemies left!"



Magnificent Belt of Gold and Precious Stones Found on the Mummy of Ptahshepses, Perhaps a Final Gift From His Unrelenting Father.

Boy Bishops Beating Delinquency in Britain

LONDON.
ENGLAND is going back a thousand years or more to the Middle Ages for help in time of trouble. To combat irreligion and juvenile delinquency, she is restoring the ancient ecclesiastical figure of the boy bishop.

The rebirth has been spontaneous in widely separated sections of the land—here in London, in Chelmsford and in Bristol. And it is growing. In the miter, crozier and ring of

papal saint of children. Subsequently the entire period was set aside for the boy bishops.

The custom was, as it is being recreated today, for all church-going children in a parish to elect one of the boys among them for the dignity of ecclesiastical office. The requirements then, as now, were that the lad be of good conduct, excellent character and diligence in study.

Once invested, the child dignitary performed all the functions of a

With Utmost
Sincerity the
Boy Bishop of
Bristol, 15-
Year-Old Royston
Clevly,
Takes Part in
the Revival of
a Custom
Which Has
Come Down
From the
Middle Ages.



Jesus' Admonition:
"Suffer Little
Children to
Come Unto Me—"
Is Being Used With
Excellent Effect in
Britain's Fight
Against War-Bred
Juvenile Delinquency.

high episcopal office children are preaching from pulpits and delivering sermons over the radio. For all their tender years (from 9 to 18) they are engaging large audiences and influencing considerable sections of the population.

According to ecclesiastical students, the tradition of boy bishops had its genesis in paganism, in the long ago when Rome was the seat of pagan license. In those times, the children were outfitted in churchly vestments and tutored in the mannerisms of priests—but only to mock Christianity.

Notwithstanding the sordid beginning, the custom came to mean something—to be the epitome of the good life and the right life. As a result, around the 11th century the clergy set apart certain days for celebration of the Feast of the Fools.

One day was set aside for the deacons, another for the priests and one—called Holy Innocents' Day—for the boys. The children's festival was celebrated on Dec. 28 but, as time went on, was moved up to Dec. 6, which was the Feast of St. Nicholas,

bishop except the celebration of Mass.

The practice was recognized by royalty, for it is of record that King Edward I attended vespers at his chapel at Heton, near Newcastle-on-Tyne, in 1299 when a boy bishop and choir boys sang. In appreciation, the monarch gave them 40 shillings.

Like all popular customs, this was no exception in encountering opposition. In 1331 the church council of Basle felt constrained to prohibit the practice. But the people were for it and paid no heed.

Then, in 1542, after Henry VIII had broken away from Catholicism and established the Church of England, he abolished the observance.

Bloody Mary, for all her sins, ordered its reinstatement. But Queen Elizabeth, who succeeded her, feared the power of the boys and decreed their extinction as bishops after the Boy Bishop of Winchester publicly criticized her conduct.

Now the boy bishops are in the ascendant again, without regard for their station in life.

In Essex, for example, the boy bishop of Berden is Bryan Camp, 11,

son of a farmhand. He is an earnest, devout child, who conducts at least six services a year in the parish church.

In Bristol, 15-year-old Royston Clevly wears the miter. When he preaches at St. Matthew's Church, Moorfields, the pews are always packed, and when he stands before a microphone his audience is numbered in the hundreds of thousands.

London's IIford section has its first boy bishop in Patrick Singleton, 16, son of a bus-driver, who for five and a half days a week works as a clerk. Every Sunday he conducts a special service in his parish church.

Significantly, in his first sermon he inveighed against juvenile crime and dedicated himself to trying to end it.

At Dick Whittington's old church, St. Michael Royal, College Hill, a very old custom is followed. On Holy Innocents' Day, when the boy's tenure is officially ended, he is whipped out of office in sackcloth and ashes.

The revival has received widespread endorsement among the clergy, who are urging its expansion to all parts of the country.

"It is a good sign," says the Rt. Rev. C. S. Woodward, Bishop of Bristol. "I am delighted by the way our children are taking a definite and active role in religion."

Said the Rev. Mervyn Stockwood, Vicar of St. Matthew's: "Since reintroduction of the custom, attendance at all our church services, both of adults and children, has trebled. Our children's services are now run by the children without any help from the grown-ups."

Other churchmen feel the same way—and all because the pagans of ancient times poked fun at religion.

"YES, MA'M/

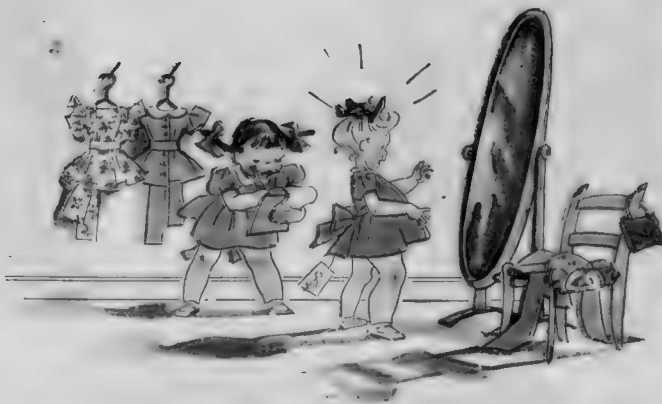
LAUNDERING WITH LINIT

★ CERTAINLY PROTECTS COTTON DRESSES"

ALL COTTON GOODS ARE SCARCE. To make your cotton dresses last longer—to keep them fresh and smart looking—starch with **LINIT**, the modern laundry starch.

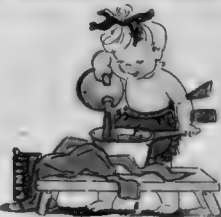
LINIT penetrates fine fabrics, restores the original finish, gives a smooth surface that sheds dust and resists soiling.

LINIT is very easy to prepare—makes ironing easy. All grocers sell **LINIT**.

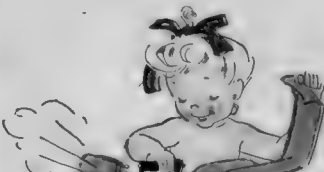




WASH . . . Use mild soap and plenty of hot sudsy water. Tumble 8-10 minutes in washing machine, or wash thoroughly by hand. Rinse at least twice (better three times) in fresh hot water. Add light **LINIT** solution to final rinse to restore finish.



Starch ruffles, belts, cuffs with basic **LINIT** solution (directions on package). **LINIT** helps shed soil, helps keep clothing clean longer, lightens laundry labor.



IRON . . . Use moderately hot iron. **LINIT** starch never sticks, makes ironing easy. **LINIT** beautifies and protects all washable fabrics. Get **LINIT**, the modern starch, at your grocers today.



LINIT does up beautifully your curtains, blouses, lingerie, sheets, rompers, aprons, work clothing and all washables. Once you use **LINIT** you'll always depend on this fine modern starch.





The Count Once Entered a Suit Against His Own Son, Peter Salm von Hoogstraeten, for Non-Support.

Failing to Force His Own Son to Support Him After 20 Years of Panhandling at His Wealthy Ex-Wife's Door, the Noble Renegade Collected and Spent His "Nuisance Value" and Now Is Reported a Suicide

continental movie star. But he still was penniless, and turning 40.

Then he used his brilliant financial genius to check up on the personal wealth of an American beauty, Mrs. Grace Montgomery Coffin, whom he'd met in the French capital. Her bank account was gratifyingly substantial. So on arrival in New York the Count filed a document from the Republic of Austria indicating that there was "no impediment preventing his marriage to Grace Sands Coffin, born Montgomery."

Then Salm met Millicent, the \$40,000,000 oil heiress. Secretly he eloped with this much richer financial plum, thereby instilling in his new father-in-law a permanent hate.

As a result, the unwelcome



The End of Count Salm's Life-Long Fortune Quest

By IRMIS JOHNSON

THE spectacular fortune-hunting career of Count Ludwig Constantin Salm von Hoogstraeten seems at last to have come to a prosaic end. According to reports from Switzerland the once-more penniless nobleman plunged to his death the other day from the third-story window of a Budapest hotel.

Such a final exit, if the reports are true, was scarcely in keeping with the rest of the life of the titled Austrian bon-vivant who, as the ex-husband of heiress Millicent Rogers, has been trying for 20 years to get a real slice of the Standard Oil millions.

He'd been laughed out of court, too, when as the Pauper Papa of rich young Peter von Hoogstraeten he'd entered a plea that the boy be compelled to support him to the tune of \$40,000 a year.

Now it's reported the Count left notes giving ill health as the reason for taking his life. And at the age of 60 maybe he was sick of thinking up new legal twists to hide his royal panhandling.

But other reports, coming out of Switzerland, suggest that when it no longer was possible to mooch American dollars or borrow large sums from continental friends, Count Salm started using German marks to pay for his usual high style of living. And these were supplied by Hitler—for services rendered.

With the recent turn of Nazi affairs the treasure chest finally stood empty and supposedly the pro-Nazi Count couldn't dig up enough "ransom" money to redeem himself in the eyes of those he'd betrayed.

This was the lowest level he'd ever struck on his financial roller coaster, and suicide may have seemed the only way out.

Count Salm hadn't been just another no-count owner of an ancient and honorable title which he hoped to trade in for cash when he came to this country in the early 1920's.

He basked under the title of "most fascinating lover in Europe"—was the "most brilliant figure" along the Paris boulevards. From Austrian cavalry officer he'd graduated to



Millicent Rogers, the Former Countess Salm, Paid Ludwig Close to Half a Million Dollars Over a Period of 20 Years—Then a Final \$5,000 Not to Sue Any More—And Now That's Gone and He's Reported a Suicide.

son-in-law found it expedient to take his bride back to Europe without any great share of her coveted shekels. In only a few months Papa Rogers brought his daughter to America.

Soon after, the baby Peter arrived. So did the Count—one year later—claiming his rights as a husband and father. All he got from Millicent was a cold shoulder.

The Count countered by filing a suit for separation, asking for custody of the boy. The Countess demanded a divorce.

Both separation and divorce were granted in Paris three years later. Part of little Peter's time would be spent with his father, who naturally expected to get at least "expense money" out of the legally sanctioned visits.

By this time Count Salm's friends had persuaded him that he could easily bring suit against Mama and

Papa Rogers for alienating Millicent's affections. He expected to collect a "nuisance value" of at least \$1,000,000.

What he actually got was something between \$350,000 and \$500,000, according to reports, and that for promising to keep permanently mum.

Years went by and the Count struggled along, back home in Europe, playing tennis with kings, borrowing money from plutocrats and occasionally letting himself be seen with some international beauty. But Salm never remarried. Perhaps he feared that would wipe out his already weak chances of getting any more Rogers dough.

When sledding got too difficult back in 1939 the royal beggar hatched another scheme. He'd read somewhere that according to American

law a prosperous child could be forced to support a pauper parent.

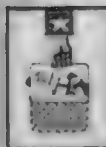
With what he thought was proper legal procedure he asked to be handed over to the custody of his millionaire child. All he really wanted was \$20,000 a year to live on and an extra \$10,000 for incidental expenses so he could visit his offspring once a year.

But one little point of law hadn't been explained to the self-styled pauper parent. Only a relief officer or superintendent of the poor can force a child to look after his father.

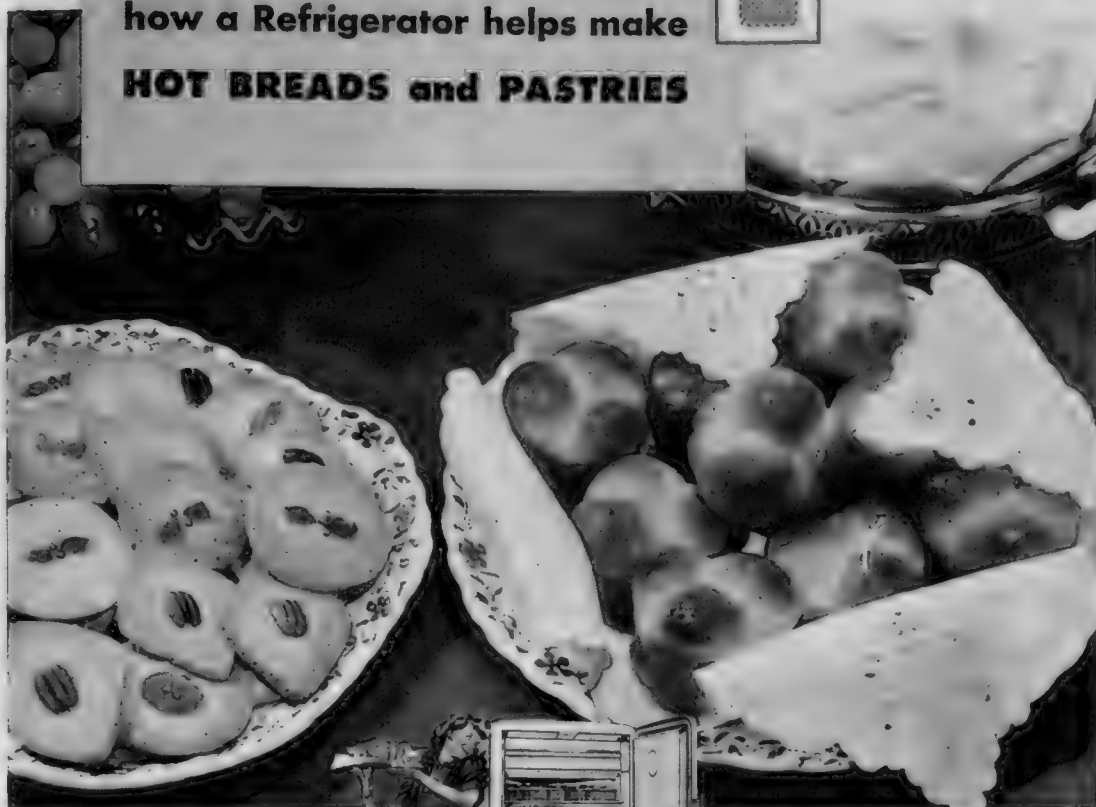
Somehow he wangled a few thousand dollars more of the oil money—the last American coin he ever got. It probably was soon after this final installment that he went to work for Hitler's gang.

As soon as the life-long treasure hunt took on a political tinge, Count Salm might as well have counted himself down as well as out.

Frigidaire here shows you how a Refrigerator helps make **HOT BREADS and PASTRIES**



Food Fights for Freedom!
Help Harvest—Save Food!



Fresh baked goods are easy to prepare, inexpensive, too! Your refrigerator helps you save time, get better results! Just look what you can do!

Refrigerator Rolls are ready for the table in a short time when you make the dough in advance (see tested recipe on this page). Put dough in a mixing bowl large enough to permit some rising during storage, cover tightly with waxed paper or bowl cover. Use dough during the week as needed for Parker House, clover-leaf, plain rolls, or other cook book favorites.

Cookies. In general, firm cookie dough can be kept in your refrigerator 3 to 5 days. This includes practically all types of refrigerator, moulded, or rolled and cut-out cookies. Wrap dough in waxed paper or put in covered refrigerator dish. Keep near bottom of refrigerator; use as needed. Your children will tell you when!

Pie Crusts. Chilling pastry dough improves tenderness and flakiness of the pastry. Make dough ahead of time; separate into portions for each crust; wrap them in waxed paper and store in refrigerator. Before using, set out at room temperature until dough is pliable, but not warm! Good tip: One crust pie is attractive and save materials; dough goes twice as far!



Waffle Batter can be completely mixed and kept up to 3 days in refrigerator. Pancake batter, too! Store in covered container. Note: Waffle batter may change in appearance during storage due to separation of ingredients. If so, no harm is done. Just stir well before using.

How to Make Grand-Tasting Refrigerator Rolls

(Makes 3 dozen clover-leaf rolls)

- | | |
|-------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1 cake compressed yeast | 2 cups lukewarm milk or water |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar | 1 egg |
| 1 teaspoon salt | 7 cups enriched flour, sifted |
| | 3 tablespoons melted shortening |

1. Crumble yeast into large mixing bowl. 2. Add sugar, salt, and water. 3. Add well-beaten egg. 4. Add half flour, and beat well. 5. Add melted shortening, and mix in remainder of flour. Let rise to double its bulk. 6. Punch down, cover tightly with waxed paper, and place in refrigerator. 7. About $1\frac{1}{4}$ hours before baking, remove desired amount of dough. Shape into small rolls, and place on greased pan. (Use gem pans for clover-leaf rolls.) Let rise slowly to double their bulk. 8. Bake in hot oven, 425° F. for 20 to 25 minutes. **NOTE:** It's time-saving to prepare shapes in the morning and restore them in refrigerator, ready for quick baking. For other tips on how your refrigerator can help you plan and prepare meals get the free booklet offered below.



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Dozens of new tips on use and care of your refrigerator. 36 pages! Get your free copy now. Look for your dealer's Frigidaire sign; find name in classified directory under REFRIGERATORS; or write Frigidaire, 226 Taylor Street, Dayton 1, Ohio.

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GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR
Every Sunday Afternoon, NBC Network

"Fly Traps" for Germs

Like the Sticky Paper That Catches Insects, a New Invisible Oil Bait and Destroys the Invisible Bugs Whose Life Ambition is to Give Us Colds, Pneumonia and Other Diseases

By ROBERT D. POTTER
Science Editor

THE old-fashioned, time-tried way of catching flies on sticky fly-paper has now been adopted by doctors to trap disease germs that menace the health of man. A film of oil does the trick.

When sore throats, flu, pneumonia, tonsillitis and the common cold next fall and winter stalk the land many an American family will have a chance to try out the invisible oil "fly-trap-for-germs" treatment which already has reduced respiratory ills in Army camps by as much as 23 per cent.

Cheap, and easy to apply to floors and bedding, the new oil film treatment clutches air-borne viruses and bacteria in a grip so tight that scientists, in their most recent experiments, were unable to pull them off with a suction pump.

And you don't have to sleep in blankets with a sticky glue-like coating, either. The invisible oil film on bedding is non-sticky, greaseless, odorless and in no way changes the appearance or feel of the material to the touch.

Treating blankets to turn them into traps for bacteria is simply a part of the general laundry process. A small amount of oily mixture is added to the last rinse water for the blankets.

Here is the formula of the oil mix, as worked out by the medical consultants to Preventive Medical Service of the Army's Surgeon General:

Chemical	Grams
Mineral Oil	88
Oleic Acid	89
Triethanolamine	3.9
Leucithin	.01

Mixed with water, this combination forms an oil-water emulsion and coats all the fibers of the blankets. When the water dries out, the film of oil remains; invisible, odorless and non-sticky to the touch. Nobody knows the difference except the germs, which find themselves grasped tightly



Blankets Used by an Infected Person May Spread Respiratory Ills, But the Oil Treatment Minimizes the Risk.



H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTSON'S PHOTO

Cold, Influenza and Other Germs Spread by Sneezing Are Quickly Caught by the "Trap" in a Sticky Grasp.

by the invisible film trap on the fabric. Credit for the valuable discovery goes to the Army's Commission on Air-borne Infections, directed by Dr. Oswald H. Robertson, of the University of Chicago. Tests in the barracks and hospitals at Camp Carson, Col., and neighboring Paterson Field show the oil treatment on bedding and

floors cuts the number of disease germs in the air by as much as 97 per cent. The overall picture on more than 16,000 soldiers is a reduction in the common respiratory ills by 23 per cent.

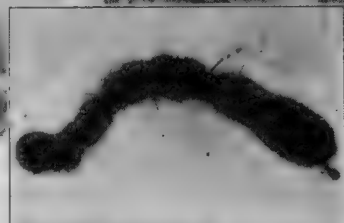
Oiling the floors of hospital wards, carried out by simply mopping them with a good grade of floor oil, cut bacterial count in the atmosphere to 26 per cent. When the blankets and bedding also were oil-treated, the bacteria count in the air was reduced to 10 per cent. In the more dusty barracks, where the oil treatment was used for the floors and bedding it reduced air-borne bacteria even more—to only 2.8 per cent.

While the research has been done for the Army, the same methods can and will be adopted widely in civilian life. Used in the home, the oil germ trap could reduce the spread of infections like colds, sore throat and tonsillitis among members of a family or group.

Another great civilian use will be in hotels and sleeping cars, to treat carpets and blankets and decrease possible cross-infection between the many different people who occupy the rooms and berths from one night to the next.

Hotels and the railroads change bed, linen and towels after each occupancy, and they have clean blankets, too. Only there is a difference between the layman's meaning of cleanliness and that of a doctor. Hotels wash blankets when they are soiled, but even when they are "clean" in the ordinary sense they well may harbor invisible bacteria.

It is more than a suspicion that epidemics of colds and sore throat among business men who travel on sleepers, and stay in hotels, may be



Hemolytic Streptococcus, Dread Bearer of Sore Sore Throat, Can Be Trapped.

caused because the rooms' occupants on previous days and nights infected the bed clothing with virus or organisms of the respiratory ills.

Dr. Robertson, who has to travel widely to direct the medical researches of his commission on air-borne infections, is the prime advocate of the adoption of the oil-film germ-trap treatment by hotels and pullman cars. Fabric seats of airplanes, railway coach trains, and some buses might well be treated likewise.

The spread of air-borne respiratory ailments, says Dr. Robertson, follows a cyclic pattern. The patient is the prime source of the disease, of course, but the bed in which he sleeps is a major secondary infectious center. Every time the bed clothing is touched or moved the germs there are thrown into the air to spread disease.

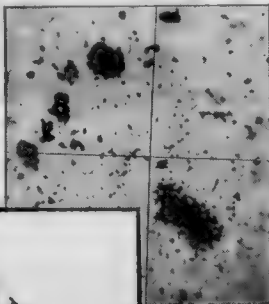
With the new oil treatment, however, the germs on the blankets are trapped and held. The few which may escape are further trapped whenever they land upon the oiled floors.

Oiling the floors proves effective for at least four months and the oil film on the bedding and blankets lasts at least two months—the length of time research studies have been carried on. Tests at the National Bureau of Standards show the oil film adds no extra fire hazard.

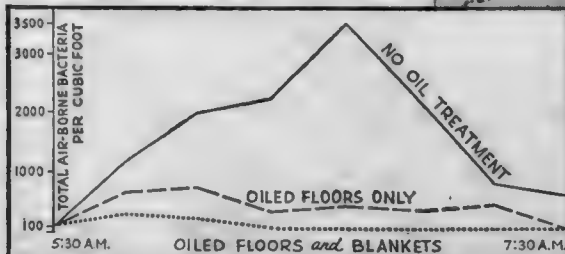
The germ-trapping treatment adds slightly to the weight of the blankets—an additional one or two per cent—but it makes them warmer too. Soldiers who use them cannot tell the difference.

Some housewives may object that oiled floors catch dust, and so they do. The important thing is that, along with the dust, they trap germs. What the housekeeper has to decide is whether she wants to dust more often to keep the floors shiny, or have them shiny without the dusting but have the germs flying about in the air.

From the standpoint of America's health there is only one verdict on this decision—trap the germs.



Dust Is Caught, Too, Along With Germs.



Contrast Diagram Shows How Effectively the Oil Film Traps Bacteria From the Air of an Army Barracks From 5:30 Reveille, Through the Cleaning Period, to 7:30. Oiling the Floors Alone Helps a Lot, But Oiling Floors Plus Blankets Really Does the Trick.



The Case of the Ugly "Princess of Beauty"

From The American Weekly's recollections of famous crimes that mystified us in the past, and challenged our best detective genius.

Infuriated Relatives of Poor Mary Borraddale, Descending With Police Upon Mme. Rachel's Beauty Parlor, Soon Learned That It Harbored a Dreadful Human Spider Who Grew Fat Upon the Guiltibility of Silly Human Fles.

By THEODORE ROSCOE
AN EXTRAORDINARY book became a best seller in London of the Gaslight Period in the Victorian era. It was titled "Beautiful For Ever." Its author was a "Madame Rachel."

Although fiction, the book was not a novel. In it the author suggested that the reader, too, could be beautiful. No matter what the blemishes, she could be as fair as Helen of Troy. In the back of the book was a "List of Preparations" and recommendations of simple treatments. Prices ran from 1,000 guineas (around \$5,000) for the "Royal Arabian" number, down to 20 guineas (\$100) for a pint of "Jordan Water."

Most expensive of all was the "Fountain of Youth" item, but why not, after reading such prose as the following:

"In the interior of the Sahara is a magnetic rock, from which water distils sparingly in the form of dew, which is possessed of extraordinary property of increasing the vital energies, as it restores the color of gray hair, and it gives the appearance of youth to persons of considerable antiquity."

This elixir was brought, bottled, to the beauty parlor of Madame Rachel, 47 New Bond St., London, and it was there in considerable quantity in the year 1866 ready for all comers.

The business at Madame Rachel's boomed. English ladies, high and low, flocked to her salon. What woman could resist a chance to be beautiful forever?

Madame Rachel, herself, was any-

thing but beautiful. She was iron-lipped and beady-eyed, and resembled a witch. Yet no one seems to have asked her why she hadn't taken her own medicine and transformed herself into a Venus.

Then Mrs. Mary T. Borraddale, widow of an Army officer, met the priestess of permanent youth.

Close to 60, she was possessed with one wistful desire—to be young again.

She was soon involved with "Sultana Perfumes," "Morsean Powder," and finally, with the rare and fabulous "Saharan Dew."

And when, after a year, she looked into a mirror and found herself no younger, she protested to Madame Rachel, demanding her money back.

Madame Rachel reminded her that Rome was not repaired in a day.

"As for nothing happening, my dear, why, only yesterday Lord Ranelagh glimpsed you leaving my shop. He came in to ask me who you were; said he had fallen in love with you at first sight."

Lord Ranelagh! Why, every woman in London was sighing for the hand of this Irish peer and popular sportsman. The following day, Madame Rachel presented her to a gentleman, who kissed Mrs. Borraddale's hand, gave her an engraved card, wished her "Good morning!" and departed like a stage-frightened Romeo. She had hardly time to see his face, but it was Lord Ranelagh's card all right, and the widow saw a rosy hare.

"You must answer his Lordship's call with a note," Madame Rachel tutored. "I am an expert at love

notes, my dear. Come, I'll dictate one for you."

Mrs. Borraddale left the note with Madame Rachel, and next day she received one in return. So began the famous "William and Mary" letters.

His letters were ardent, impassioned, although they have never seen each other since that first glimpse. They would marry soon. Meanwhile could she loan him \$10,000 as he was temporarily pressed? Also he'd appreciate it if she left her jewels with "Granny" (his name for Madame Rachel) as the dear old lady would put them in "our lockbox" and he, in return, would love to have her wear the Ranelagh family jewels.

Mrs. Borraddale sent the money, through Granny. She gave Granny her jewels and received in return a somewhat tarnished tiara and a locket containing a picture of Lord Ranelagh's mother.

After milking her of some \$50,000 and the family silver and jewels—all she had—Madame Rachel asked her to sign over her small pension, too.

When Mary refused, "Granny," suddenly menacing and terrible, took out a judgment against her and she laid claim to Mary's pension.

But in so doing she killed the goose that laid the golden egg.

Informed about it, Mrs. Borraddale's brother-in-law sent for the police. Detectives soon learned that the beauty parlor harbored a dreadful human spider

growing fat on silly human fles.

Madame Rachel, named Rachel Russell, gave her birthplace as London, 1866, but there was evidence to show she had been born in 1814 in Aughrim, Ireland.

In 1860 she had opened her first beauty parlor, advertising "enamel" to remove wrinkles. It failed badly. But she tried again, producing in 1863 "Beautiful For Ever."

Promptly she became rich. The detectives could not discover how many women she had bilked.

On September 22, 1868, Madame Rachel faced the court. The prosecution was able to prove that the "William letters" were in three different handwritings.

It was proved, too, that poor Mrs. Borraddale had never had an affair with any William.

Madame Rachel got five years. Emerging from Millbank Prison, Granny returned to her old tricks. She used the Borraddale method on Maria Pearce, daughter of Signor Mario, the noted tenor.

Maria's lawyer recalled the Borraddale Case, and Madame Rachel was promptly arrested and got another five years. She died in Woking Prison on October 12, 1880.

Anyone Less Romance Hungry Than Mrs. Borraddale Would Have Realized the Noble Lord Ranelagh Could Have Neither Interest in Herself or Her Jewels.



Mme. Rachel, Who Promised Beauty Forever—at a Price.



Autumn's Heading This Way



Puff of Clipped Feathers With Tiny Felt Crown, a Fashion Leader in John Fred-erick's Autumn Show. Grays, Browns, Jet Black the Best Colors. Matching Muffs and Gloves.



Black Felt Stove-pipe Crown, Brown Crushed Tulle Knotted in Front. Box Turbans and Berets, Feathers, Tulle, Quilting High-light John Fred-erick's Hats This Fall. Also Snug Caps, Turbans.

Lightweight Black Satin Turban From Lily Dache. Beads, Beautiful Color Combinations, Graceful Lines, In Her Famous Hats This Season.

STOUT WOMEN

"Your clothes are becoming, well made and youthful..."

writes this customer of

Lane Bryant



Lane Bryant dresses really fit me, and because clothing that fits wears better, your dresses are economical as well. The compliments I receive rightfully belong to you. Your clothes are becoming, well made and, best of all, they are youthful. I don't know what I would do for nice clothes without Lane Bryant.

Mrs. Sara E. Shupe, Edison, Pa.



"Your dresses always fit me perfectly."

Although I am quite stout I am very happy to say that your dresses always fit me perfectly. It is real comfort to wear your clothes and also to know that we stout women can always receive proper fit and long wear from them. Naturally I have bought all my clothes from you for many years and tell my friends.

Mrs. Willie Maggetti, Santa Margarita, Cal.



"Everyone compliments your slacks."

I have worn Lane Bryant dresses and corsets for over seven years, and I am pleased with the fit and wear. I am a defense worker, and everyone compliments your slacks which I wear on my job, and ask me where I bought them. I know that all my friends who order from you are much pleased.

Mrs. Maria Bennett, Dundee, N. Y.

Lane Bryant 715 E. MARKET ST. CHICAGO, ILL. 17, U.S.A.



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Don't let your girdles lose their fit

LUX saves the e-l-a-s-t-i-c-i-t-y that keeps them trim-fitting!

GIRDLES need gentle care now more than ever. Keep yours smooth-fitting the safe Lux way.

Harsh washday methods rob girdles of vital elasticity. Washing tests proved that! Avoid strong soaps, too-hot water, rough handling. Lux care saves the elasticity that lets your girdle stretch, then spring back into shape.

For better fit—daintiness, too—Lux girdles after every two or three wearings.

A LUX life means a l-o-n-g life for girdles!



A swing-shift beauty rests. Her hours at war production are long and demanding. Housework takes the rest of her waking time. So, her sleep must be *sound!* And it *is!* For she sleeps on a Beautyrest mattress. If you own a Beautyrest, you're lucky. You have a mattress with 837 individually pocketed coils, a sag-proof border, busy little ventilators that keep it clean and fresh! Cherish it, for we don't know when you can buy another. (Simmons plants are roof-deep in war production.) If you must have a *new* mattress now, we recommend

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BEAUTYREST—The World's Most Comfortable Mattress!

P. S. DID YOU BUY AN EXTRA WAR BOND THIS WEEK?



"But, darling, nobody's going to make you eat shark," coaxed Elsie

"DON'T TRY TO TELL ME," sputtered Elmer, the bull. "I read that report that Borden is in the fish business, and I know you. It means fish on the table three times a day, and I won't stand for it!"

"Silly," snickered Elsie, the Borden Cow. "You should have read more carefully. Then you'd know that Borden has taken over several big fisheries to get vitamins for *Borden's Feed Supplements*. Fish livers are full of vitamins.



And that means better pork, poultry, and eggs."

"That doesn't make sense," complained Elmer. "You can't make a hen's egg out of a fish's liver."

"Naturally not," smiled Elsie patiently. "The vitamins from fish livers go into feed supplements and the supplements go into the animals and poultry. *Ration-ayd*, for example, is added to chicken feed for finer eggs and fatter fowl. In the same way, *Bospro* makes healthier, more productive cows, and *Hoppro* makes huskier pigs and better pork. All three are Borden products."

"Fascinating," yawned Elmer, "but whatever

became of all that wonderful milk you used to talk about?"

"Why, more uses for milk are being found all the time," Elsie replied hastily. "*Lactose* (that's milk sugar) made by Borden is used to make that marvelous germ-killer, penicillin."



"Gosh," marvelled Elmer, "the first thing we know, Borden will be doing everything but shine your shoes."

"That's not so far off either," giggled Elsie.



"Shoes shine more easily and wear better because of *Borden's Protopac* Caseins which are used in leather finishes."

"What?" kidded Elmer, "... no notions, no dry goods?"

"Oh, dry goods are an old story to Borden," chuckled Elsie. "Bakers have been using *Borden's Dried Natural Fruit Juices* for years. And Borden's Powdered Lemon Juice is an im-



portant part of the new Army Paratroops' ration because it's packed with Vitamin C."

"No matter what I say," complained Elmer, "your subject is Borden's and you certainly stick to it."

"In that case," quipped Elsie, "I'm lucky to have sticky subjects like *Borden's Glues* to talk about. *Cascamite* glue helps make sturdier



plywoods for airplanes and for homes. *Casco* can be used to mend almost anything in the house."

"Seems to me that you're likely to become more stuck up than ever," jested Elmer, haw-hawing heartily at his own cleverness. "At least I can thank heaven for one thing. With all these marvelous Borden products, you won't be quite so swelled-headed about that precious milk of yours."

"Nonsense," beamed Elsie. "I'm prouder of my milk than ever before. For milk was what started Borden's business back in 1857. And while Borden now makes many products that have nothing to do with milk, it was the purity of *Borden's Milk* that first taught people to know that: *If it's Borden's, it's got to be good!*"

ELSIE SAYS: "Every extra bond you buy may mean a boy won't have to die!"



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Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Cowed Yank

AN American hospital ship docked one day recently in a British port. Casualties were being brought back from the fighting front in France. After the stretcher cases had been carried from the vessel and placed aboard a hospital train, an Army doctor, assisted by two nurses, began making up a list of the injured men.

The trio passed from bunk to bunk. Some of the men were grenade cases. Others had been torn by shrapnel. All were pretty badly banged up.

When the doctor reached the bunk of Herbert Sather,



The Soldier Was Pinned in His Foxhole When a Surprised Cow Fell on Him.

a paratrooper from Tacoma, Wash., who was swathed in bandages, he went over all the routine questions about the nature of his wounds. Then he asked just how Sather had been hurt.

"Gee, Doc," replied the paratrooper, "Do you have to know that?"

The medical man assured him that the information was necessary for the records.

"But must I tell?" pleaded Sather.

The doctor was insistent. The youth, who had previously fought with conspicuous success at Voltorno in Sicily, turned red and finally blurted out:

"A cow sat on me!"

And that is exactly what happened. The fighting man, who had been dropped safely by parachute behind enemy lines, quickly scooped out a foxhole. No sooner had he scrambled into it than a grazing cow tumbled in on top of him, pinning him down and injuring the unlucky soldier so badly that he was put out of action.

Jailed for Being A Hero

PRIVATE CHARLES E. SCHMEIZ, a 20-year-old Pittsburgh soldier, was so anxious to get in on the invasion of Normandy that he stowed away on a France-bound glider.

For three days he went through some of the toughest fighting. Covering him self with glory, Schmeiz figured that his commanding officers would forgive him.

But he was wrong. Before the week was out, MP's picked him up on AWOL charges and put him on the first boat for England.

At the Troop Carrier Base from which he had started out as the invasion's first stowaway, he was tossed into the guardhouse.

Although something of a hero in his buddies' eyes, his officers said that he would have to be treated just like any other soldier who had disobeyed orders.

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with confidence.

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CAN'T LOSE NEGATIVES
WHEN YOU KEEP THEM
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St. Joseph ASPIRIN

STOP, WEAR—RUST, SQUEAKS
Ever-Ready Oil

Make a Habit of Buying War Bonds

28 August 27, 1941

By FLORENCE BROBECK
Women's Editor

SOMETHING "cold and sweet and good" is still America's favorite summer dessert. And this summer with plenty of fruits for sherbet and lees, and new ready-mix ice creams available everywhere plus fairly good supplies of commercial ice cream in some communities, the family can end its meals the way it likes best. Be your own soda jerk and make ice creams and sherbets, tall frosted ice cream and sherbet floats, and other coolers, using your refrigerator to its capacity these days.

A big dish of sherbet with cookies or fruit can be the whole dessert; or sherbet can top a dish of fruit as a first or last course; or go into the half of a cantaloup or honey ball melon; or make a nest to hold crushed berries, apricots, or peaches. Cooling and good.

Sherbet and ice should have zip and tang, never be too sweet. One of the best sherbet

bases of them all is made with grapefruit juice from a recipe sent in by a Florida reader. Freshly squeezed juice is used, or the canned variety which is plentiful in most parts of the country this summer. To a sherbet made with this juice add crushed berries, apricots, peaches or other fruits to give variety.

For the simplest, easiest of all methods, a can of juice may be frozen right in the can and sliced and served as a dessert base.

Company Luncheon

Mixed Fruit Cup with
Grapefruit Sherbet
Chopped Ham Timbales
with Mustard Sauce
Asparagus Potato Chips
Nut Bread, Butter
Caramel Custard
Iced Coffee or Tea

Home Luncheon

Sliced Spiced Pork
Green Peas with Chopped
Chives

Cornbread and Jam
Watercress and Lettuce
Hearts Salad
Frosty Mint Drink
Iced Coffee

Afternoon Treat

Limeade with Grapefruit
Sherbet

Assorted Cookies

Club Meeting Menu

Jelly Roll Slices
with Grapefruit Sherbet
Iced Tea, Fresh Mint

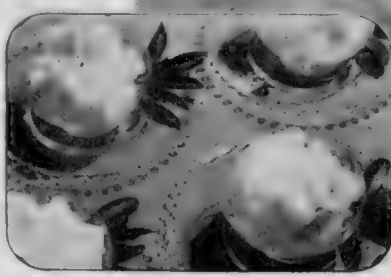
Summer Night Dinner

Cold Sliced Meat Loaf,
Chili Sauce
Hot Scalloped Potatoes
Raw Vegetable Relishes
(radishes, celery,
carrot sticks)
Buttered Muffins
Sherbet Parfait
(Spoonfuls of Grapefruit
Sherbet and Crushed
Berries)

Sunday Dinner

Hot Pork Loin Roast
Green Lima Beans
Escalloped Tomatoes
Whole Wheat Bread and
Butter
Blueberry Ice Cream Loaf
Iced or Hot Coffee

Cold and Sweet and Good



Florida Grapefruit Sherbet

1 tablespoon unflavored
gelatin
1/4 cup cold water
3/4 cup sugar
1/2 cup boiling water
2 1/2 cups fresh or canned
grapefruit juice
2 egg whites

Soften the gelatin in the cold water. Combine the sugar and boiling water and boil two minutes. Remove from the heat. Add the gelatin and let it dissolve. Add the grapefruit juice. Freeze this to a mush in the freezing tray of the automatic refrigerator with the cold control set at the coldest point.

Beat the egg whites stiff. Turn the sherbet out of the freezing tray into a chilled bowl and beat until smooth, but still frozen. Add in the egg whites.

Four this back into the freezing tray and freeze firm, stirring once, more during the freezing period. This makes about one quart; five or six servings.

Frosty Mint Brisk

1 teaspoon plain gelatin
2 1/2 cups grapefruit juice,
or mixed orange and
grapefruit juices
1/2 cup water
1/2 cup sugar
3-ounce package cream
cheese

1/2 cup light cream or top
milk
1 tablespoon powdered sugar
Mint flavoring

Combine the water and the two-thirds of a cup of sugar and boil two minutes. Remove from the heat and add the gelatin which has been softened in one-fourth cup of the fruit juice. Add the remaining fruit juice and stir till the gelatin is dissolved. Mix and freeze to a mush in the freezing tray of the automatic refrigerator, with the cold control

set at the coldest point on indicator.

Mash the cream cheese. Blend it smoothly with the cream and powdered sugar. Add the mint flavoring, just two or three drops.

Turn the mush out of the freezing tray into a chilled bowl and beat smooth. Then return it to the tray; spread the cheese mixture on top of it smoothly. Freeze till firm. Makes about one and one-half pints. Four or five servings.

Fruit Ice

Set the cold control on the refrigerator at the coldest point. Remove the label from a can of grapefruit juice (or use a mixture of orange and grapefruit juices). Place the can on its side on the coldest shelf in the freezing compartment. Allow the can to stay there five to seven hours, turning the can occasionally. The juice will be frozen solid. To test it, shake the can. Remove both ends of the can; push out the frozen juice. Slice or spoon it onto dessert dishes. It may be served plain as a "cooler," or garnished with fruits. Four or five servings.

Ice Cream Loaf

Line a deep, narrow ice tray from the automatic refrigerator with heavy waxed paper. Cut a thin layer of sponge cake into a strip to fit the bottom of the tray. Pile from one to two quarts of blueberry ice cream (depending on the size of the tray, and number of servings desired) on top of the cake and smooth it down quickly with a spatula or the back of a large spoon.

Cover this with another strip of cake the same size as the one in the bottom of the pan. Press it down lightly so that the cake will adhere to the ice cream. Cover the top with waxed paper. Slip the pan into the

Frosty, Cooling Fruit Desserts Are Summer Favorites.

freezing unit of the refrigerator, and chill till ready to serve. The indicator ought to be set at the coldest point. Slice with a sharp knife and serve with a topping of crushed berries or any fruit or chocolate sauce. One quart makes six servings.

Cool Tips

TRY one of the sherbets or ice creams atop hot gingerbread squares, serve with crushed berries or sauce; or use on cobbler or fruit betty.

Huff 'n' puffs Fill pastry puff shells (from the bakery) with Florida sherbet and top with hot chocolate or caramel sauce. Party fare!

With the meat course—Serve the sherbet in dessert glasses along with the meat course, topped with a spoon of preserves or jam if you like.

Tote a float—Float a big spoonful of sherbet in cold limeade, orangeade or lemonade or in any favorite bottled carbonated drink.

With salad—Fruit salad is especially good when it is served with a big spoon of the sherbet on top.

With melon—A la mode is just a big spoon of sherbet or ice in a melon half, which has been scooped out and prepared for serving; add berries if you wish.

No leavings!—Dried cake or macaroon crumbs turn into a party dish with sherbet or ice cream; just alternate spoonfuls of the crumbs with spoonfuls of sherbet or ice cream in parfait or dessert glasses. Or top toasted left-over pound or sponge cake slices with sherbet or ice cream and add some crushed fruit or berries.

Mild and wild—A new flavor treat is to serve a sweet sauce with a tangy sherbet or ice. Try chocolate sauce, or crushed and sweetened berries, with a tart sherbet or ice.



Ever so delicious PURITAN Marshmallows



THE FUN CANDY

It's Puritan for pleasure... any time, anywhere! Puritans are so fluffy, so puffy, so soft and satisfying that they bring party-like festivity to any occasion at all.

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Puritans have a melt-in-your-mouth goodness. Make fluffy icings and frostings. Add creamy goodness to any hot chocolate drink. Bring extra sparkle to salads. And, of course, everybody loves 'em just as they come from the bag.



If your dealer has no Puritan, be patient. Puritans will be plentiful as soon as basic ingredients are readily available.

WELL, WELL, IT'S SHOTWELL

Puritan Marshmallows... favorites for several generations... are made by Shotwell, a firm that has symbolized quality for many, many years. Shotwell also makes the new Hi-Mac candy bar, another quality confection worthy of this famous old name.



Easy Desserts

HERE are two delicious, cooling desserts for all-year-round serving, but especially good on hot days.

Lemon Delight

- 4 teaspoons plain unflavored gelatin
- 4 cup milk
- 4 egg yolks
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 1/4 cups milk
- 1 cup lemon juice
- 2 lemons, rind only
- 1 cup Graham crackers
- 1 egg whites

Soften the gelatin in the one-fourth cup of cold milk. Beat the egg yolks until light; add the sugar. Heat the rest of the milk to boiling, then add it slowly to the egg mixture, stirring constantly until all is smooth. Add the gelatin and its milk, the lemon juice and grated rind and stir until the gelatin is dissolved. Let it cool. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites.

Line a greased spring mold pan with the crushed Graham crackers, then pour in the gelatin mixture. Set the pan in the refrigerator and chill it until ready to serve. Unmold it on a dessert platter and serve with cream, top milk, or crushed berries or fruit. Six servings.

Lemon Prune Ice Cream

- 1 cup chopped, cooked prunes
- 1 teaspoon grated lemon peel
- 4 cup lemon juice
- 2 eggs, well beaten
- Salt
- 1 cup light corn syrup
- 1/2 cup cream or top milk
- 1 1/2 cups milk

To the chopped, cooked prunes add the lemon rind and juice. Beat the eggs light; beat in a few grains of salt, the corn syrup, cream and milk. Add the prune mixture and blend well. If you like a stronger lemon flavor add two tablespoons more of juice. Pour into the freezing tray of the refrigerator with the control set at the coldest. Freeze till it is mushy, then turn it out into a chilled bowl and beat with a fork. Return it to the freezing tray and continue freezing till it is firm. Makes about one quart. Six servings.

NUT meats will stay sweet for a longer time if kept in the refrigerator. Wrap them in heavy wax paper or keep in closely covered container so they won't get limp.

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Pattern 3707... Cotton frock with gay contrast. Sizes 11 to 20, 32 to 42. Size 16 requires 2 1/2 yards 44-inch fabric and 3/4 yard contrast. 20 cents.

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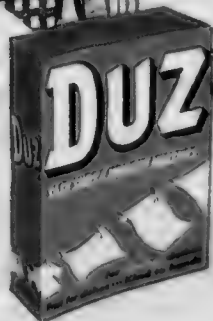
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3 THAT DUZ IS EXTRA SAFE, TOO! EVEN FOR MY BEST RAYON UNDIES!



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DUZ A LOT!

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of vital war materials—
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One soap for everything in today's extra-heavy wartime wash! That's Procter & Gamble's new kind of soap, DUZ! Watch DUZ chase dirt from grimy overalls—bring towels back to snowy whiteness. NO soap made can do those two big jobs better!

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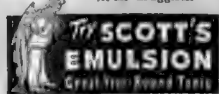
More good news! DUZ is safer for colors than any other leading washday soap. Yes, safer even for pretty rayon undies. That's not to be sneezed at now when every stitch of clothing has to last and last. Yes, Ma'am. DUZ does everything!

EXPECTANT? Teen Age Make-Up



**MOTHERS—Read
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During pregnancy and, after your child is born, you must get certain Vital Elements* for proper nourishment and early convalescence. That's why many doctors recommend Scott's Emulsion—it's rich in natural Vitamins A and D*. This valuable summer tonic helps build stamina and resistance, also helps promote proper pre-natal growth. In baby if such dietary deficiency exists. So take good-tasting Scott's Emulsion. At all druggists.



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JITTER BUG



By URSULA TROW

WHETHER parents approve or not, youngsters of the female gender will begin to wear make-up in their early teens. However, daughters can avoid much unpleasantness if they will learn the art of correct make-up.

Make-up for school should be very light. Perhaps all that's needed is a little lipstick. Choose a natural color, a lipstick that is neither dark nor light but one which will bring out and intensify your own natural lip-coloring. Either use a lipstick brush with your favorite "young" lip-



Daytime or
Evening,
Always Look
Natural.
Use All
Make-Up
Lightly.

stick, or apply the stick directly on your lips. It is no longer smart to draw oversized mouths.

Leave the lipstick on for a few moments, then remove the surplus by blotting with cleansing tissue.

Make-Up for Dates
FOR big, heavy dates and formal dances, a little more make-up sometimes is permissible.

Most young skin is naturally lovely, so a make-up foundation may not be necessary unless you want to cover a blemish. In that case, get yourself one of the grand cake make-ups and apply it as directed.

Normally, however, powder will achieve that petal-fresh look. Dust your favorite shade of powder on lavishly with a powder-puff. Cover every bit of your face and neck. Then take a fresh puff, and brush away the surplus.

Most young faces don't need rouge. But if, on a particular evening, you feel wan and pale, blend on (not blot on) a bit of rouge to bring out the roses in your cheeks. Choose a rouge that heightens your natural coloring rather than one that superimposes a foreign color to your cheeks.

Lipstick should be applied by the same method you use for daytime wear.

Your Eyes

NOW your eyes. To give them a wide-awake look, brush a little vaseline or eye pomade along your lashes. But if you're unhappy without mascara, use the brown color and practice applying it simply to tone your lashes. Your eyes don't need the extra make-up most older girls and women use as essentials in their daily grooming.

Most girls have a few stray eyebrow hairs that should be plucked so that the eyes will have a neat frame. Then after cleaning up brows—but not shaving them—feather-stroke your brows with a light shade of eyebrow pencil, never touching the pencil to the skin. Remember to shape the brows naturally; don't extend them beyond their natural line.

That's all. And if you've done your make-up correctly, your best features will be accentuated while your less attractive ones will look better. That's what the boys mean when they say, "Gee, you look smooth."



"Things are going to be different, Millie dear, when I start eating Wheaties, too."

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Hurry! Get free cut-out material for easy-to-build models of fast-striking P-40 Flying Tiger and sinister Jap Zero. Full-color models that actually fly. Will glide and soar up to 75 feet or more when launched by hand. Rush name and address with 2 Wheaties box tops to Jack Armstrong, Dept. 880, Minneapolis 15, Minn. Send no money—your planes are free. Send at once. Offer expires October 1.

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But, to get any part of this "extra" business, under present fishing conditions (our big tuna clippers are in the Navy!) we would have to reduce the quality of our pack.

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LITERARY GUILD OF AMERICA, INC., PUBLISHERS, GARDEN CITY, NEW YORK

"Daddy's HOME!"

By Alfred D. Whelton

"MOMMY, MOMMY!!
Daddy's home!"

Would that all red-blooded Americans could have heard that gleeful cry from an eight-year-old New Bedford girl as she clung to her sailor Daddy at the steps of their humble home on Merrimac st.

Yes, Daddy WAS home — with his right foot and part of his right leg shot away... and propelling himself with the aid of crutches.

But little Joan Travers didn't talk much about that. Fireman 2c Manuel "Manny" Travers had returned to her from the war and, in whole or in part, her own Daddy was home.

But Daddy wouldn't have been home for that happy little reunion — typical no doubt of thousands of such all through the country — had not some thoughtful citizen in these free United States, gone to the American Red Cross Donor Center to give of his blood that a fighting man might live.

Manny Travers "got it" at Bizerte and little Joan couldn't quite grasp at first how a person in this country could have saved the life of her Daddy when he was in far-off Bizerte. But her proud father explained as he held her tight and "Mommy" listened attentively.

Little do we know what thoughts race through the heads of 8-year-olds. But time has proven questions are uppermost.

"Do all the people give their blood, Daddy?"

Navy Fireman Travers was stumped, momentarily, for an answer. One hesitates to disillusion a child.

"N-no," he answered slowly. "All the people do not give." Then he started to talk

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PICTORIAL

REVIEW

BOSTON

SUNDAY ADVERTISER

AUGUST 27, 1946

"Daddy!!!" What could be more soul-stirring to man than the thrill of his child's welcome home... than the outstretched arms of his little girl. Blood donors made possible this touching reunion of Navy Fireman "Manny"

Travers and 8-year-old Joan on the steps of their New Bedford home. Loss of blood from his shattered leg threatened death at Bizerte but the blood donations of thoughtful Americans turned the tide.

HORSES! HORSES! Crazy over Horses!

SO HIS WIVES SAID

By Katherine Donovan

FOR the second time and by his second wife, John D. Spreckels, 3rd, the young horse-breeding member of the Spreckels family who inherited heavy sugar from the vast family sugar fortune, has been accused of being more interested in his horses than in his wives.

The latest accusation comes from his latest wife, Mrs. Lavinia Miller Spreckels, who has brought a separate maintenance suit in Los Angeles and whose most serious complaint is that John, completely lacking in horse sense, spent thousands of dollars for race horses that never won a race.

She listed his holdings at more than \$2,000,000 and demanded all community property and \$25,000 attorney fees as well as \$1000 a month for support.

The complaint of Lavinia follows closely in the pattern of the charge of his first wife, the beautiful Mrs. Gloria Roxana Browne Spreckels, a demure minister's daughter, who, after a series of lengthy and costly litigations, divorced Spreckels in 1937, receiving an upper-bracket settlement.

Gloria's chief marital grievance was that Spreckels, instead of spending his money for her welfare and happiness, spent it on horses who could not possibly bring happiness to anyone, on or off a race track.

They were not even "also rans," she contended; they never even ran. And she specifically named two horses who had cost young Spreckels a total of \$12,500. They were Boilermaker, \$10,000, and Happy Dinah, \$2500, she declared—and neither of them ever got beyond the home paddock.

IN THE case of the second Mrs. Spreckels, according to her attorney, S. J. Hahn, who also handled the marital litigation of the first Mrs. Spreckels, and is therefore practically a member of the family in these matters, there is no immediate prospect of a divorce right now.

For Spreckels, now 35, is in Navy officers' training at Newport, R. I. Divorce would be impossible without his consent, and Hahn says it seems unlikely he will consent, and much more likely that he would refuse to waive his rights in a divorce action. A waiver is not necessary in a suit for separate maintenance.

Friends of the two declare that Spreckels is still in love with Lavinia, and hopes that by the time the war is over she will have overcome her allergy to his horses and will be reconciled with him.

Lavinia insists that it is not just a question of horses, but that women, too, entered her marital Eden and drove out her happiness. She charges that only a few weeks ago, when she went to Seattle to rejoin John while he was west on leave from the Navy, she found him in the company of a Spokane society girl. She has threatened to name this girl in her suit.

And to crown this humiliation, Lavinia contends, there is still the matter of horses. As fast as he collects trust funds from his family estate, she declares, he sinks these funds in untrust-



Latest to charge wealthy John D. Spreckels, 3rd, with too much horses is Lavinia Miller Spreckels (left), Wife No. 2. Lavinia hints at other ladies, too.



Sugar heir John D. Spreckels, 3rd., in training as a Navy officer, far from horses his wives say he loves more than them.

worthy nags and has never yet come up with a genuine race horse.

SPRECKELS HAS been through all this before with his first wife, Gloria Roxana, and seven years ago, in open court, he flatly told the judge that horses were his business.

The judge suggested that he go into the family sugar business, just to try his luck, but Spreckels retorted that he had already done that and that it had only changed his luck for the worse.

"I tried that and they made me the office boy, which I didn't like and so I quit," he said. "I like horses and understand that business and that's what I'm sticking to."

And stick to it he did, through his divorce from his first wife, his remarriage to Lavinia, and up to the time of his enlistment in the Navy.

John first met Lavinia at Catalina Island, where she was a dancer in the floor show at the St. Catherine Hotel. John had stopped at the island during a yachting trip, and was trying to rest up from the strain of his divorce and to prepare himself



Mrs. Roxana Spreckels, Wife No. 1 of the sugar heir, is shown here with their daughter, Elsie, as they left Los Angeles court during John's first marital trouble over horses.

for the ordeal of managing a \$5,000,000 trust fund which had just come into his possession from the practically inexhaustible Spreckels fortune.

AFTER MEETING Lavinia he never returned to the yacht, but promptly fell in love with her and married her. And for seven years, which is quite a record in the turbulent marriage turnover of the Spreckels family, the marriage proceeded with apparent calm and happiness.

Now Lavinia charges that it wasn't really as happy as it appeared. In the first place, she contends, the estate doled out to John a mere \$150,000 during the first year of their married life. And this, she says, he immediately squandered on horses that did not choose to run.

John also receives yearly the interest on the trust which amounts to some \$50,000, and part of the capital amounting to approximately \$2,000,000. It would add up to a comfortable little income, Lavinia agrees, except for the horse competition.

John's first wife had exactly the same idea. The beautiful blonde daughter of a small town minister, she first met Spreckels on a blind date. Her parents sternly disapproved of the ensuing romance, but she and the young millionaire eloped to Yuma, Ariz., and were married Feb. 8, 1932.

Three years later Mrs. Spreckels, like her predecessor, asked for separate maintenance, saying her husband had spent \$250,000 in one year as the dupe of slick horse traders. She also charged that he was cruel and called her abusive names, refused to pay household expenses, and walked out on her while she was an expectant mother.

SPRECKELS retorted that the once straightlaced minister's daughter drank to excess and nagged—and abused him. He said that her desire to shine in San Diego society caused her to put on such airs that she insisted on serving six-course dinners, when all he wanted was a blue-plate special all on one dish.

"I never mixed with the society set in any way and didn't want to," Spreckels said on the witness stand. "She had our dinners served in five or six courses. I wasn't used to it. I was used to just piling it all on one plate and getting it hot. I can eat off tin plates as well as gold plates."

In the midst of the litigation their child, Elsie Lamarr, was born. Instead of effecting a reconciliation the child caused increased bitterness, John declaring he had not been allowed to see it for weeks. He went to Reno and was granted a divorce, which was immediately invalidated and the deadlock was finally broken when he agreed to let Gloria Roxana get the divorce, with a settlement of \$750 a month.

When the suit had a preliminary hearing in San Diego, Judge C. N. Andrews observed: "This is all very sad. A sad picture of a young husband made drunk by the sudden possession of great wealth."

BEFORE THE ultimate settlement of the quarrel, Gloria brought another suit and contended that her husband had twice threatened her with a gun and had associated with other women, and had gambled away his entire fortune, with the ex-

Continued on Page 15

New LOVE FLAMES in HOLLYWOOD

By ANTHONY MERRILL

ALL is not lost when the flames of love that crackle in Hollywood gradually fade and divorce reduces them to blackened ashes.

The ashes, according to developments this week, are mere smouldering embers until some new spark happens along to kindle them anew.

Two outstanding examples are the new romances of veteran Al Jolson and the several times divorced George Raft—both of whom are reported "that way" about young and beautiful ladies who have yet to make their first trip in the marriage mart.

For five years now, The Jolson, he of "Mammy" fame, has been away from the marriage he had so often termed "perfect" with Ruby Keeler.

And, to the surprise of Hollywood, his name has been linked of late with vivacious Jinx Falkenburg, that statuesque star who was born in Spain of American parents and who came to the United States by way of South America.

And, also to the surprise of Hollywood, Georgie Raft, an old veteran of the marital sea, is being attentive no end to pretty and shapely Faye Emerson, who is known well for her modelling of smart clothes as well as her acting before the



Young beauty has sparked Hollywood veterans of divorce to new heights in the romantic field. (Above) Faye Emerson and (right) Georgie Raft are so much together lately. And (upper right) is Jinx Falkenburg and Al Jolson who have been very attentive to each other. For the girls, marriage is brand new. Georgie and Al have been wed.

kleiglits and the attention paid her lately at movie parties.

MAMMY JOLSON'S new flame, who was born Eugenia Falkenburg but legally adopted the nickname "Jinx" as her own, had no idea of pictures when the family migrated to Los Angeles from Chile.

Jinx, as well as her entire family, were devotees of tennis and the revolution-ridden country of Chile didn't offer much chance for them to display their prowess. Los Angeles was the nearest city in which they could find competition.

Her entrance into pictures, however, was a direct result of tennis—and on a day in which she went down to defeat.

Sam Goldwyn, the colorful producer, happened to be at the match that afternoon with Mrs. Goldwyn. With the Goldwyns were such stars as Norma Shearer, Merle Oberon, Miriam Hopkins and others.

Goldwyn took one look at the tall, lithe young player in shorts and asked an attendant her name.

"She's Eugenia Falkenburg, a swell tennis player," Goldwyn was told. "Tennis player, nothing," chuckled the producer. "She's a

find. She's lovely. Get her over here and get my office to send her a contract right away."

Maybe the excitement caused Jinx to lose the match that afternoon but she didn't care—a star was born.

JINX was born in Barcelona, Spain, to Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Lincoln Falkenburg, an American engineer who happened to be employed in that country at the time. Her nickname "Jinx" developed because her parents had wanted a boy.

Jolson has been lonesome since his marriage with Ruby Keeler came to an end in 1933, with Ruby gaining custody of their adopted boy. Hollywood thinks he may find new happiness with Jinx after his unsuccessful efforts to reconcile with Ruby.

Faye Emerson, now that her romancing seems to be taking out a burning desire for many years. (She reached the age of 27 last month.)

"I want to be as good as possible in my job so I may find enough leisure later on to live

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SUNDAY ADVERTISER PICTORIAL REVIEW
BOSTON, SUNDAY, AUG. 27, 1944—Page 3

By PETER LEVINS

"SIX gallons," said the young driver, holding the ration stamps and the money in his hand.

"Six gallons it is," said the filling station attendant.

The woman sitting beside the driver leaned toward the attendant. "Listen, young man," she said very intently, "there is something I want to tell you. This boy—"

"Now, Mom," the driver cut in. "Take it easy."

The attendant put in the six gallons, then came to the door to collect the stamps and the money.

"This boy is a murderer," the woman said. "He's killed my son. The body is in the trunk of the car."

"Now, Mom," the young driver remonstrated. "How can you talk like that?"

"It's true!" she cried. "Don't let him get away!"

The driver winked at the attendant. "Don't pay any attention to her," he said confidentially. "She's off her head. Matter of fact, I'm taking her right now to a sanitarium in Macon."

He threw the Ford sedan into gear and sped away.

THE above scene took place at just about the same time that Mrs. Emma Jane Houser of Quincy, Ill., telephoned the home of her parents Albert and Myrtle Foltz, who lived on a farm about six miles south of Hunnewell, Mo. She wanted to tell them of the serious illness of her husband, Arthur.

However, the operator could not contact anyone at the Foltz home.

Mrs. Houser then called Earl Fowler, and he went over to the house and left a message there, saying that Arthur was very ill and not expected to live. He saw no sign of Mr. and Mrs. Foltz, nor of their young son, Laddie.

Within a few hours, Mrs. Houser again called Fowler.

"I've been trying to call my folks," she said, "but there's still no answer. I want to tell them that my husband has died."

Fowler expressed his regrets and again went to the Foltz house. As no one was home, he left another message.

AGAIN the scene changes. It is now midnight, June 12, 1944. At that time, officers of Van Buren County, Iowa, examined a car which had been standing for several days near a cemetery near Keosauqua. One reason for the examination had been the fact that the car had been giving off a most unpleasant and suspicious odor.

This odor led to the trunk of the car, where the officers found the decomposing body of a young man, who had been shot in the back of the head.

Naturally, the first problem concerned the identity of the victim, but there was nothing in his clothes that might serve as a clue. However, the license plates, checked through the files at Jefferson City, showed that the car had been registered in the name of Albert Foltz, Route 2, Hunnewell, Mo.

Capt. Jerry Shaw of the Missouri state highway patrol, stationed at Macon, telephoned Sgt. Russell Minor, stationed at Hannibal. Minor proceeded to the Foltz home and, finding no one home, contacted Earl Fowler, who told him of the various phone calls from the Foltz daughter in Illinois, and of the visits he had made.

"I talked to other neighbors," Fowler said, "and we concluded that Mr. and Mrs. Foltz must have gone to Green City, Mo., to visit Mrs. Foltz's mother."

"Do you recall seeing Laddie

JUSTICE and the Case of The 4-F Fear Slayer

Foltz in recent days?" Sgt. Minor asked.

"Yes, I do. I saw him with another young man last Thursday night. A boy named Patrick—Ray Patrick."

The officers arrested young Patrick, aged 20, searched his home. One of their finds was a pocketbook which contained several classification cards and a draft card of Laddie Foltz, who had twice reported for physical examination for military service but had been rejected both

get out and walk the rest of the way."

Young Foltz got out of the car; Ray stayed in for the moment.

"Something came over me," the Patrick boy continued. "My hand touched the shotgun that was in the car—a 16-gauge gun that was used for squirrels. When Laddie passed in front of the headlight, I took the gun and shot him in the back of the head."

Sgt. Minor inquired, "You

Mrs. Foltz that Laddie had decided to spend the night in Monroe City.

"They didn't feel worried, they trusted me," he continued. "There wasn't any reason why they should feel suspicious of me."

"You slept there that night?" Minor asked.

"Yes."

"Did you sleep well?"

"Yes, I slept fine."

"Didn't you worry at all about the body in the car?"

The officer nodded again. "Then what happened?"

"We were walking through the pasture. As I said, it was still dark. When we were about 250 yards from the house, I went up close behind him and shot him in the back of the head."

"Did he make any noise?"

"No, he fell right down there without a word."

"Why did you kill him?" Minor asked.

"I don't know, except that I figured I had to do it to protect myself. I didn't have anything against him—matter of fact, I liked him a lot. But with Laddie's body still in the car, I figured I had to do it."

HE SAID that he pulled the body into a clump of bushes, then returned to the house.

"Who was in the house?" Minor asked.

"Only Mrs. Foltz."

"Did you figure you had to kill her, too?"

"I didn't know what I was going to do. Another killing didn't mean anything to me by this time, but I still didn't want to kill Mrs. Foltz. At the same time I realized that if she stayed alive it would be just as dangerous for me as if I had let Mr. Foltz stay alive. My trouble was this: I should never have killed Laddie in the first place."

"I'm inclined to agree with you," Sgt. Minor remarked. "But go on with your story."

Ray said that he told Mrs. Foltz what had happened—that he had killed both her son and her husband. Then he pushed her into a clothes closet, and nailed the door shut. "I guess I intended killing her," he admitted, "but I couldn't make myself do it."

"You put her in the closet so she would not be able to get away, is that right?"

He nodded. "Later that morning I let her out and told her that if she would go with me to Paris (seat of Monroe County) I would give myself up to the police. So we got into the car, with Laddie still in the rear compartment, and drove to Paris."

HOWEVER, when they reached Paris, which is about 22 miles southwest of Monroe City, he told Mrs. Foltz that he wanted a little more time to think things over. He informed her that he would surely kill her if she made the slightest outcry. They proceeded to Monroe City, then drove west on Highway 36. Presently they were at a filling station in Lentin, a small roadside town 23 miles west of Monroe City.

"That was where Mrs. Foltz spoke right out and said I was a murderer, and that the body of her son was in the trunk of the car," he related. "I had to make believe that she was crazy, and that I was taking her to a sanitarium. I drove away fast, before the filling station man could make an investigation. I guess it was then that I realized I would have to kill her, before she did any more blating."

They proceeded to Macon, then turned north on Highway 63. They drove some 65 miles due north to Lancaster, Mo., just a few miles south of Iowa line, then turned eastward to Highway 4, and continued about 60 miles to a point six miles north of Kiahka, seat of Clark County, Mo.

"It was there I strangled



Road passing schoolhouse in Missouri where Laddie Foltz was slain. Slayer's fear led to two more murders.



Raymond Patrick, Army reject and confessed slayer in triple murder.



Trunk compartment of the car in which body of Laddie Foltz was stuffed while the slayer drove the victim's mother to her death.

times. Also in the pocketbook was \$34 in cash.

Late that night, while being questioned at the Foltz home, Ray Patrick told the following story:

HE HAD visited the Foltz home frequently, being regarded as one of the family. In the past few days he and Laddie Foltz had been doing some hunting and fishing, and on the night of Thursday, June 8, the two of them had driven in the Foltz car to Hannibal, then across the Mississippi to East Hannibal.

In a tavern there, he continued, they had picked up a couple of girls, and they had also got into an argument, the nature of which he could not remember. They had driven the girls home, then headed for the Foltz farm.

"Laddie was driving," Ray said. "He was driving fast—too fast, I thought. I argued with him about it, telling him to take it easy. Finally, about a half mile from home, near the Deer Creek schoolhouse, he stopped the car and said, 'Okay, if you think I'm driving too fast, let's

were angry with him, is that it?"

"I guess so."

"You didn't dislike him particularly, did you?"

"No, I didn't. As a matter of fact, we were good friends. I had no reason to kill him. But my hand touched the gun, and it happened before I knew what I was doing."

"What did you do then? Naturally, you didn't want to be caught, did you?"

"No, I don't remember exactly what I thought, but I realized that I would have to do something. I suppose I could have left Laddie lying there dead in the road, but that didn't seem to be the right thing to do. So I pulled him into the rear compartment of the car, and drove on to the Foltz home."

He said that he told Mr. and

"Not until the next morning."

Ray replied, "I couldn't think very straight, but I did realize that I would have to do something to cover my tracks. And the only way I could cover up my tracks, to my way of thinking, was to do some more killing."

Sgt. Minor nodded. "Go on. What happened next?"

"The next morning—it was still dark—I went out with Mr. Foltz to get the cows. I carried the shotgun, and Mr. Foltz walked ahead of me, carrying a lantern. He had put on a pair of overalls over his pajamas."

"Did he ask about Laddie?"

"No, he didn't say anything about Laddie."

"He wasn't suspicious—didn't accuse you of anything?"

"No," he wasn't at all suspicious."



ANNE SHIRLEY

prefers an **'UNKNOWN'**

By GEORGE LEWIS

AFTER spending nearly 20 of her 25 productive years in the limelight, pretty little Anne Shirley is making a bid for happiness in obscurity.

As soon as she fully recovers from the illness that has confined her to a Hollywood hospital for several weeks, the blonde star who won international acclaim as "Anne of Green Gables" will marry Adrian Scott, the hard-working, publicity-avoiding film producer.

Of course, Adrian isn't a hermit, an iconoclast or anything of the kind. It's just that he's too busy devising ways and means of enhancing the talents and charms of his performers to think about himself.

All of which makes him the flesh and blood antithesis of handsome John Payne, whom Anne wed when she was 18 and by whom she had a baby girl, and even more so of Victor Mature, the super-glamour boy whom she almost wed last fall.

The parting and subsequent divorce of Anne and John Payne two years ago brought as much sorrow to filmdom as any other similar event in a generation. By general agreement, they were one of the colony's happiest couples. Both were moving ahead rapidly at their respective studios, each certain of bigger roles and more lucrative contracts.

When Baby Julie Anne arrived it seemed that neither parent could wish for more. Then came the astounding news that Anne and John were going their separate ways. As shocked as everybody else, Columnist Lotella Parsons wrote:

"I have never recorded the breaking up of a home that has made me feel sorer than the parting of Anne Shirley and John Payne."

I had assumed, as had most Hollywood folks, that here were two likeable, successful young people, ideally mated and as happy as it is possible to be in this tawny-turvy world."

Not until Victor Mature, the greatest feminine heart, slurrer since Valentino, came into the picture did Anne's friends give up hoping that she would kiss and make up with John.

But competition, even that of a good-looking ex-husband, has a habit of vanishing when Victor's around. So naturally, their judgments influenced by an avalanche of photographs showing Anne and Vic in affectionate poses, all Hollywoodians were prepared for the customary nuptial announcement.

When it failed to arrive as soon as expected, Anne kept up the interest in her new romance by such statements as "we'll be married just as quickly as we can find time for a wedding."

THE time was never found. Mature went back to his Coast Guard duties, and Anne continued to make pictures and say less and less about her widely publicized remarriage. Possibly it was because she had grown weary of being an animated open-book.

Not for several months—in fact, not until sickness had taken her practically to death's door, did Anne so much as hint that love ever again would enter her life.

That is why, when the hospital she was in announced that Anne had been released, her friends were so surprised. They knew only one thing: a day and night for Adrian Scott.

Scott, a quiet, busy producer, is 32 years old, has been in the business since 1925, and has never completely left the stage from the time she first toddled upon it as a precocious four-year-old, has only one natural and logical thought. It is marrying Adrian Scott!



Into a quieter life for romance, pretty Anne Shirley (above) has chosen Adrian Scott (left), publicity-shy producer, for her next husband-to-be. At right, Anne is shown with Victor Mature, Coast Guard glamour boy, in the days when they were romancing.





THE Phantom MYSTERY

By DAVID INGRAM

RUSHING into Chicago, a slender distinguished looking Irishman with an Oxford accent had come all the way from India last week to see if he couldn't help hunt down the phantom murderess who had shot his wealthy mother-in-law to death as her daughter looked helplessly on in a luxury hotel suite.

Straight from far-away Bombay, Peter Goodbody had hurried to the scene of one of America's most mysterious murders, and with his arrival new impetus was given to police investigation of the baffling crime.

He had also come to help his wife, Patricia Goodbody, who says she saw a woman in a black Persian coat leap from behind a bathroom door to shoot down her mother, Mrs. Adele Born Williams, the socially prominent wife of one of America's highest-ranking diplomats.

Patricia, pretty and 28, has already undergone a lie detector test in Chicago's crime laboratories and as a result has been given a clean bill of health in the startling shooting. Her twice divorced sister, Elizabeth Born, has also been given the test and cleared of any connection with the murder.

But, as distinguished-looking Peter Goodbody arrived in the Windy City, the killing still stood as the murder mystery without a single clue.

THERE ACTUALLY had been no clues at all since 6:25 p. m. Wednesday, Jan. 13, when Patricia ran out of a bathroom in the Hotel Drake, screaming, "There's a woman with a gun behind the door!"

That afternoon, Mrs. Williams, who was the wife of Frank Starr Williams, American attaché at Tokio before Pearl Harbor, had been playing cards. She then met Patricia in a beauty salon and they went up to Mrs. Williams' eighth floor suite together.

The door of the suite was unlocked, and presently Mrs. Williams changed into a lace neg-

lige and Patricia wandered into the bathroom.

She saw the woman with the gun and began to scream.

The woman shot at her, point blank.

Patricia screamed again, for though the shot had missed, gunpowder had burned her left index finger.

Into the bedroom ran the woman with the gun. Mrs. Williams apparently grappled with her. Four shots roared out in swift succession. Mrs. Williams fell to the floor with a bullet in her brain.

EXACTLY 25 hours later, she died in St. Luke's Hospital, and the only coherent thing she had been able to say was of no help to police.

It was, "Why did that damned crazy woman shoot me?"

The question the police would have liked to have known was who the "damned crazy woman" was and—just as important—what had happened to her.

Patricia wasn't much help there.

"The woman came out of the bathroom," she told police. "She was wearing a black Persian coat. She had graying reddish hair. She pointed a gun at me and fired. I became faint."

"Then I heard four more shots. I came to and lifted my head. I saw the woman go out the door and I ran into the hall, screaming."

Two businessmen, guests at the Drake, saw the phantom murderess, too. She ran past them in the eighth floor corridor while Patricia was still screaming.

Then, she vanished. She vanished until 7 o'clock the next morning, when a bell captain and a bell boy say they saw her hurriedly leave an elevator.



Here is photo-diagram of the Mrs. Adele Born Williams murder case, showing the route of the killer through the Drake Hotel in Chicago, where Mrs. Williams was slain in her suite.

were concerned, she couldn't be found.

Chicago had a rip-roaring murder mystery on its hands again.

Mrs. Williams' first husband, Edgar G. Born, wealthy clothing manufacturer, rushed to her bedside as she was dying. Her second husband, Frank Starr Williams, flew from Washington. Neither of them could give police the slightest clue to the shooting.

Incidentally, a bizarre touch was given to the tragedy by the fact that Mrs. Williams had made her ill-fated visit to Chicago to arrange a dinner party for Husband No. Two at which Husband No. One was to be the guest of honor. Half a hundred of Chicago's smart set were to attend to see the two husbands meet.

Actually, they met at a hospital bedside as Mrs. Williams died.

LATER, WILLIAMS persuaded her two daughters to take the lie detector test, and Born took the test too, to show the girls how it was done.

But neither of them were of the slightest help in trapping the Phantom Murderess whose hair had once been flashing but was now almost an ashen gray.

Who was this Phantom Woman and why had she shot down

Continued on Page 15

No one has ever seen her after that.

She came like a phantom and vanished like one—leaving Death behind her.

A WOMAN GUEST said she had noticed the woman in the black Persian coat at luncheon in the hotel on the day of the shooting, but had never seen her before or after that.

Detectives went through the Drake with a fine toothed comb. They checked the list of room occupants. They questioned all the guests they could find. But there simply wasn't any woman—any graying red-haired woman in a black Persian coat.

As far as the hotel was concerned, she might never have existed. As far as the police

To join his wife, Patricia, only witness to the slaying of her mother, Peter Goodbody arrived in Chicago from India. At right is the victim, wife of Frank Starr Williams.



Boston Social Whirl

By THE CHAPERON

ONE OF the nicest parties of the week just over was the luncheon (preceded by cocktails and followed by bridge) which Mrs. William Kenney, of Belmont, gave on Wednesday at the Cliff House, North Scituate.

Mrs. Kenney . . . a vivacious brunette . . . was attractively frocked in square-necked black crepe, adorned with splash bows of aqua satin.

Her guests . . . all prominent members of the smart North Scituate summer colony . . . included Mrs. Frank O'Donnell . . . chic as always . . . in dawn pink linen . . . Mrs. James McArdle's dusty pink gown was trimmed with ecru lace . . . Mrs. Neil Callahan's jonquil yellow dress was most becoming . . . Mrs. William A. McCarthy . . . president of Boston's famous Ace of Clubs . . . was in navy and white . . . Mrs. Charles W. Mulcahy, Sr., wore a brown and white sheer . . . Mrs. Francis T. Jantzen, blue and white print, Mrs. Wilbur Murray, in gay summery print, Mrs. Frank Burns, navy blue . . . Mrs. John McCarthy, yellow sports dress . . . Mrs. Thomas M. Collins (accordion player de luxe) was in white jersey crepe with white flowers in her hair, and Mrs. James Gibbons was smartly outfitted in beige.

Another gay North Scituate gathering last evening before the Hatherly Country Club dance, when Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Carens of Wellesley, and Mr. and Mrs. William Carolan of Newton joined in giving a cocktail party at the Carens' summer spot.

Snapshots

MRS. ALBERT CAMERON BURRAGE, JR. . . . smartly outfitted in aqua linen, accented by a bright red chapeau and purse . . . window-gazing along Newbury st. . . . Betty Graham . . . in dark crepe skirt and full-sized peasant blouse of ivory satin . . . dancing on the Ritz roof with a dashing young Army officer . . . Mrs. Burton Robinson strolling through the Copley-Plaza lobby . . . black accessories with her white jersey suit . . . Helene Stedman . . . in shorts and gayly striped jersey . . . en route via bicycle for a refreshing dip in the Longwood Cricket Club pool . . . Mrs. Harold G. Cutler of Seven Pines, Hamilton, at a recent North Shore fete with her cunning little granddaughter, "Deedee" Wheelwright . . . Mrs. George C. Cutler, Jr., (the former Phyllis "Tilly" Tuckerman), and her small daughter at same affair . . . Julie Barbour . . . former president of Beantown's exclusive Vincent Club . . . shopping at Filene's . . . Nancy Bernard Hayes dining with friends at the Copley-Plaza . . . Ellen and Betsy Reynolds . . . up from the South Shore for a day in the shops . . . lunching at Schrafft's on Boylston . . . Ginny Crosby selecting a mighty intriguing bit of fall millinery at one of our downtown specialty shops . . . she departs today for a bit of a visit over in Gotham . . . Mr. and Mrs. Carlton Reynolds entertaining at dinner atop the Sheraton Roof . . . matching floral headress with the latter's chartreuse crepe frock . . . Mrs. Wilbur Samuel Grant . . . gay little hat with her navy and white print . . . chatting with friends at the Women's Republican Club . . . Betty Harper . . . a visitor from the sunny South . . . taking her first dip in the salt water down at Magnolia.

Doris O'Connell September Bride

ON SEPTEMBER's third Saturday in Our Lady Star of the Sea Church, Oak Bluffs, Doris Elizabeth O'Connell will become the bride of John Lewis Clemmey, Jr., to whom her engagement was announced early in the week by her parents, the Henry J. O'Connells of Cranston, R. I., and Oak Bluffs.

The bride-elect attended Rhode Island's School of Design. Her fiancé . . . son of Mrs. John L. Clemmey and the late Mr. Clemmey of Fall River and Oak Bluffs . . . schooled at Providence Country Day and Lehigh University.

Another charming bride-elect of the week is Virginia Bernadette Murray, whose engagement to Raymond W. Field, USNR, is announced by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James A. Murray of Newton Center.

The future bridegroom, recently back from active service in the South Pacific, is the son of R. W. Field of Binghamton, N. Y. Miss Murray attended Notre Dame Academy, Tyngsboro and Emmanuel College.



FLORENCE MARGARET BENEVILLE'S engagement to Charles Eddy Cudworth, P. O. 1c, USN, is announced by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Vernon Beneville of Englewood, N. J.

NAN SAWYER

Jordan's

It's Jordan's
"Vote Getter"!



What a dress for \$10.95. No wonder it wins everyone's vote. One look and you want to own it!

Look at the clean, classic lines! It has that "pedigreed" look you expect to find only in a much more expensive dress. It's a wear-everywhere, anytime, honey-smooth casual designed by Abby Kent. Notice the balanced pockets, the good tailoring, the welcome fly front.

Comes in a fine rayon gabardine that feels and looks expensive and melt-in-your-mouth colors. Blue, red, or lime. Sizes 10 to 20—\$10.95. See it in

JORDAN'S MISSES' DRESS SHOP, SECOND FLOOR, MAIN STORE.

In rayon gabardine!

JORDAN MARSH CO. BOSTON
PHONE HUB. 2700 • ELIOT 3000
PLEASE SEND ME
"VOTE GETTER" — \$10.95

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

COLOR _____ SIZE _____



CHARGE



C.O.D.



CHECK OR
M.O.

\$10.95
at the
Jordan Marsh Company

Quiet Season in Store For Debutante Flock

By ALICE WILLIAMS

NOW THAT THE good old summertime is beginning to wane a fond good-by, and autumn is getting ready to turn that well-known corner . . . our vacationing socialites will be flocking back to town.

In the good old days, society's fledglings (the precious little debbies) would just begin to really twinkle brightly at this particular time, and September and October would be packed solid with coming-out festivities.

Naturally, the war has changed all that. Lots of our first-year-outers are busy with war work . . . many are hospital volunteers . . . some have entered the business world . . . and quite a number are entering college.

Of course, some of the gals will step into the rays of the social sun . . . but the parties will practically all be small and informal. The pet debut will be via the luncheon route or afternoon tea, and there may be a dance or two.

Debutism will perk up during the Thanksgiving and Yuletide holidays, when the college buds return to town, and that means quite a bit of gay entertaining.

Off to Vassar

IN THE meantime a levy of our youthful socialites (all members of the deb set) will arrive at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., on next Thursday morning to enter the freshman class at exclusive Vassar.

The group includes Ann Mandell, daughter of the Thomas Proctor Mandells of Commonwealth ave., Mary-Lelle Herman, Mrs. William Herman's charming bud, Sally Tobey, whose parents are Dr. and Mrs. Harold G. Tobey of Jamaica Plain (Sally has been busy all summer with her Junior League provisional course). Joan Luther, deb daughter of the Willard B. Luthers of Cambridge, will be on deck Thursday morning . . . also Emmy Lou Richardson, daughter of the Jeffrey Richardsons of Jamaica Plain . . . Joan Richardson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Richardson of Concord, Maria Theresa Putnam, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Palmer C. Putnam of Brookline, and Sarah Joy Danner, debutante in the Waban home of the Carl F. Danners.

Dr. Henry Noble MacCracken (Vassar's prexy) and Mrs. MacCracken will receive the new students at tea on Thursday, Friday and Saturday afternoons, and the entire college will assemble in the Students' Building on Saturday evening to welcome them to membership in the Students' Ass'n.

Gala Evening

"TWAS EXCEEDINGLY gay and exciting down Cape Cod way Friday night, when the fashionable summer colonists at Wianno and points along the Cape turned out in full force for the "Gala Evening" . . . an annual venture these past three seasons at the Wianno Club, to benefit the Gertrude Lawrence Branch of the American Theater Wing, War Service, Inc.

Lots of cocktail and dinner gatherings before the gala affair . . . quite the most important happening of the season in the ever so exclusive summer colony. Among those entertaining at dinner were Mrs. Harry Taft Hayward of Boston and Hyannisport, whose guests included Mrs. Henry Laughlin, Mrs. Homer Gage, Mrs. G. Woods Taylor and Mrs. Clair H. Draper. Dr. and Mrs. Fritz Talbot, of Chestnut Hill and Wianno, attended Mrs. Samuel P. Howe's dinner party, and another jolly group dining at the club comprised Mrs. Gould Newell of Chestnut Hill, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Gould, Jr., of Boston, Mrs. Seymour

Wheeler of Lake Forest, Ill. and Mrs. Phelps Holloway of Brookline.

Bunny Fur Scuffs
at Clyde's, \$2.98



Here's the hit slipper of the year . . . so gayly feminine yet toasty warm everyone falls in love with it on sight . . . red, turquoise, royal blue or wine rayon plush with white bunny fur collar, elastic back strap and leather sole . . . 4 to 9, no coupon necessary, \$2.98. Clyde's Shoe Store is at 455 Washington Street. Mail orders filled.



Jacket - 75% wool
25% rabbit's hair!

fuschia, grey, blue
red in Sizes 14 to 20 \$5.98

Sizes 40 to 44 in
blue, fuschia, grey \$6.98

Leeds

Mail orders!

35 Winter St.



JOAN "MUFFIN" BELL . . . vacationing on the North Shore from Baltimore, Md. . . shields her bright blue eyes from the equally bright sun as she gazes skyward at one of Uncle Sam's planes zooming along over Marblehead Neck. "Muffin" is one of the popular young "skippers" sailing from the Corinthian Yacht Club.



MRS. MAX ULM is a member of the planning committee for the "Fashions for Freedom" style show to be held on Tuesday afternoon, September 12, in Filene's restaurant, under the auspices of Russian War Relief.

—RAY FOTO

Auxiliary "Play Day"

Mrs. Harry W. Barrett of West Newton is opening her summer home on Surfside rd., North Scituate on Tuesday for the annual "Play Day" gathering of the South End Day Nursery Auxiliary.

Plans for the annual luncheon, bridge and fashion show, set for Wednesday, Oct. 25, at the Capley-Heyva, will be discussed at Tuesday's session (to be held sun or shine, by the way.) Mrs. Herbert F. Jenkins, Auxiliary president, and Mrs. Barrett (Tuesday's hostess) are co-chairmen of the October party.

Marriage Announced

MR. AND MRS. PATRICK F. MCGOVERN of Alston announce the recent marriage of their daughter, Patricia Frances, to Robert Murley Palmer, son of Mr. and Mrs. Augustus H. Palmer of Syracuse, N. Y.

Mr. Palmer was graduated from Hamilton College with the class of 39 and attended Maxwell Graduate School at Syracuse University. His bride was a member of the class of '44 at Radcliffe.

MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM A. MCCARTHY of Belmont have returned to their summer spot at North Scituate from a brief holiday in Nantucket, where they were guests of James Scully.

TWO CHARMING Hyannis vacationists are Geraldine F. McCarthy, daughter of Mrs. Joseph A. McCarthy of Arlington, and Betty Healey of Somerville.

Store Hours Every Day 9:45 to 5:15

A Skylight Lined Wool Suit

24.90

When it's too warm for a Fall coat this splendid little suit will show its City manners. Black or brown 100% wool with a big squashy bow of velveteen . . . \$24.90

In sizes 10 to 20
SKYLIGHT SHOP, FIFTH FLOOR

Jellys Temple Place Boston

Autumn Leaves

3.90

The first Fall sign—curling leaves, affixed to a bonnet fitting calot of stitched felt. Black, brown, navy, fuschia, gray, purple, coffee, red or Kelly . . . \$3.90

STREET FLOOR

Jellys Temple Place Boston



Shore and Country

By THE RESORTER

WITH THE SUMMER VACATION SEASON NOW in the last stretch vacationers are taking advantage of every minute of the day which before long will be but a memory of glorious time spent at the shore or in the beautiful mountains to the north of us.

Perhaps no one appreciates the beauty and serenity of any of our lovely vacation spots more than Edward Savage Creeker, counselor of the American embassy at Lisbon, and Mrs. Creeker, who were interrupted by the Japanese and are now sojourning at the Emerson at York Harbor.

Down at their cottage in picturesque Ogunquit with its beautiful "Marginal Way," are Mrs. Florence Floyd and children of Somerville.

Spending two weeks at Cape Porpoise are Mr. and Mrs. Henry Jackson of Somerville, accompanied by their two sons. Also here are Mrs. Florence Clark and William, at Cape View House.

Mrs. William Buckley of Lynn selected Old Orchard for her vacation spot. . . Also among the localities here were Mr. and Mrs. Scott Tibbels and daughter of Medford.

Ever a popular resort for vacationers . . . Kennebunk . . . is the choice of Dr. and Mrs. Joseph Grant of Brookline. At the beach . . . spending several weeks are Mr. and Mrs. E. Frank Crandall of Westboro. Mrs. Martin Firth of Brookline, accompanied by her four children is at the Port, where Mrs. Ernest M. Benson of Arlington made her headquarters.

From Newtonville . . . Betty Mattison and Mrs. J. W. Isenbarg are sojourning at Popham Beach. Tufts Pond in Kingsfield was visited by Mr. and Mrs. Hervey Slate of Lynn. E. F. Hall of Boston is at a cottage at Rangely.

GREAT ACTIVITY is being carried on today by Wolfeboro's younger set as they sell their legs for the Junior Red Cross . . . a most worthy cause . . . and one to which the youngsters are giving their ceaseless devotion.

On Tuesday . . . a red-letter day for the Wolfeboro Garden Club . . . members will set sail on the lake yacht, "Swallow" and cruise to the home of Mrs. Philip Sidney Smith at Tuftonboro where they will enjoy a basket lunch to be followed by an interesting lecture on the Wild Flowers of New England to be presented by Charles Bryant.

Mrs. J. B. Covington of Newtonville, was one of the lucky winners at the recent Wolfeboro Street Fair and carried away a doll to remind her of the \$3000 made for the Huggins Memorial Hospital. Priscilla Merritt of Newton Center, is spending a week of her vacation at Wolfeboro.

Leo Heal of Brookline, was one of the new members elected



A MEMBER of the summer colony at Marblehead Neck . . . Phyllis Bull . . . was caught by the cameraman just after coming out of the spacious pool at the Corinthian Yacht Club.

by the Lake Wentworth Association at its annual meeting recently.

Kathleen O'Donovan of Roslindale, Katherine Riley of Dorchester, and Mary Reid of Brookline, have been the guests of Marjorie Bosher at Water Village.

Mrs. Theodore Spitz and her son, David, have come from Roslindale, to spend a few days at Water Village . . . The James J. Currys of Boston are at their cottage at Mirror Lake.

Randall A. Whittier of Arlington, is at his camp on Winnepesaukee . . . Mr. and Mrs. William Baker are spending two weeks at their summer home at Brookfield.

Sally Ann and Roxy Haven of Newtonville are guests of their grandmother, Mrs. H. M. Haven, at Melvin Village . . . Mrs. Luke Travis of Roslindale is at South Wolfeboro . . . Alice Wescott of West Medford is at East Alton . . . The Verne H. Connors of Arlington, and George Kendall of Somerville, are vacationing at Freedom.

Ann Barr Selects

A long sleeve, button-front dress

"Polka Pretty"



HOVEY'S, Boston 7, Mass.
Send me "Polka Pretty" at \$4.98
Size _____ Color _____
2nd Choice _____
Name _____
Address _____ Zone _____
Charge ☐ Check ☐ Money Order ☐

\$4.98 at Hovey's

Summer - into - fall dress of rayon broadcloth. White polka dots on navy aqua, royal or plum. 14 to 40.

Casual Dress Shop—Third Floor

HAN. 9600

SPECIALTY SHOP
For Mother-to-be

Brand new and divinely flattering—this Black Rayon-Crepe Dress with contrast color—and the new low neckline designed with the Creed Magic Tuck (pat.)

\$24.95

Other dresses in the new Fall colors

\$10.95

Cotton Dresses . . . \$3.95
Woolen . . . \$3.50
Suits . . . \$3.50
Accessories, Slips

CREED
Maternity Shop

111 NORTON ST.
At Arlington St. Subway

Yvonne's French Villa
a resort devoted to women who care for Health & Beauty from Head to Toe.

Special Diets
Cool-Quiet-Restful
Send for Booklet

Yvonne's Beauty Center
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Boston, Mass.
HUB 0846

Bay Staters Enjoy Maine Vacation

WITH THE WEATHER bureaus all over the country reporting broken records this summer, Bay Staters vacationing at Maine's cool, refreshing shores were indeed listed among the fortunate resorters.

At Kennebunkport are Mr. and Mrs. John Howes and daughter, Helen, of Dorchester; Teresa Connolly, also of Dorchester, and Ethel and Miriam Kingman and Nancy Cail, all of Cambridge.

Also at the Port for a few weeks is Mrs. Florence Dow of North Abington. Mr. and Mrs. John Vincent and children, Betty and Carol Ann, Greenwood, are spending several weeks at Goose Rocks Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Bennett Sanderson and family, of Littleton, are at Cape Porpoise for a few weeks. Charles Doyle, Boston editor, and Mrs. Doyle have been vacationing at the Narragansett at Kennebunk.

At the Westworth is Mrs. L. F. Sanborn, Medford, who has been a summer visitor in Kennebunk for more than 20 years. Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Conn, and children, Janet and Donald, of Newse, were at Kennebunk Beach all last week, as were Mr. and Mrs. H. Spencer Hutchins, Jr., Allston.

At Kennebunk Beach for the remainder of the season are Mr. and Mrs. Richard B. Cole and family, West Newton; Mr. and Mrs. Roger Holmes and family, South Hadley; and Mr. and Mrs. Morris Brown and children, David and Sally, Newton Highlands.

Tea Honors G.O.P. Wives

A RECEPTION AND political tea, in honor of the wives of state-wide Republican candidates, will be held by the Professional Women's Republican Club of Massachusetts on Tuesday afternoon from 4-6 p. m. in the ball room of the Republican Club, 46 Beacon st., Boston.

Lt. Gov. Cahill will be among the speakers. The pourers will include Carolyn LaVers of Boston, president; and Mrs. Anna C. M. Tillinghast of Cambridge, honorary president.

A musical program will be presented by Josephine Sabino, soprano, accompanied by Margaret Kurkjian.

In charge of arrangements are Carolyn LaVers, Mrs. Helen Consalus Nagle of Arlington, Linda Campbell of Milton, Mrs. Marie Massa of Arlington, Grace Lawrence of Swampscott, and Mrs. Olive C. Downer of Watertown.

Topsfield Dance To Benefit USO

THE THIRD and final old-fashioned dance known as the Topsfield Tunkets will be held on Wednesday, August 30, in the Topsfield Town Hall.

Betty Eichorn to Be Sept. Bride

Congratulations will soon be in the order of the day for Elizabeth (Betty) Eichorn, attractive daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lawrence Eichorn of Oak Ridge rd., West Medford, who on September's first Monday will march down the aisle of St. Raphael's Church, West Medford, to become the bride of Dr. Robert Stanton, son of Dr. and Mrs. Joseph Stanton of Newton Center and North Scituate.

The bride-elect is a graduate of Emmanuel College. Her fiancé received his degree at Harvard College and Harvard Medical School, and at present is house physician at St. Elizabeth's Hospital, Brighton.



Carolyn Conway of Jamaica Plain, and Patty Foley of So. Boston.

Bridge to Aid Church

SOUTH SHORE residents are making plans to attend the gala Summer Bridge Party to be held tomorrow evening at Dreamworld Hall, Egypt, in aid of the St. Mary of the Nativity Church, Scituate.

Serving as chairmen are Mrs. Jack Conway, Mrs. Bernard J. Killion and Mrs. Michael Stewart.

Mrs. Francis Jepson will direct the junior aides who will lend their willing hands to the support of the benefit party. Among those assisting are Carolyn Conway, Barbara Killion, Patty Foley, Dorothy Killion, Eleanor DiFesa, Harvey Gormley, Wiffy Conway, Pat and Betty Bradley, Ethel Moore and Mary Perry.

Reservations have been made for Mr. and Mrs. Frank Burns, Mr. and Mrs. William Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Robert O'Hearn, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Perry, Mr. and Mrs. Mathew McGrath, and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Tougas.

Dr. and Mrs. Chess Week-End in N. Y.

WEEK-END FINDING over in Gotham were Dr. and Mrs. Robert Lewis Chess of Brookline. Mrs. Chess... the former Laura Dixon of Dorchester... was the guest of her husband's parents. Dr. and Mrs. Neuman Chess, who gave a party in her honor Saturday evening at Longchamps.

Holiday Week Specials Shampoo, Wave, Cut Included



Super A Wave For Fine Hair \$5
Individual Oil Wave \$6
Remote Control Creme Wave \$8

Luxurious Shampoo \$1.50
and Styled Finger Wave Complete

FASHION BEAUTY SALON
128 TREMONT ST.
Corner Winter St. DEV. 9408
Hours 9:00 A.M. to 7 P.M.
Walk-In Service

Women in The Service

By EDNA M. CONLAN

Cpl. Evelyn C. Hamilton of the WAC, daughter of William A. Hamilton of Commonwealth ave., Boston, was recently awarded the Good Conduct Medal at an Air Transport Command base in Great Britain. She has been in the USAF Transport Command for the past two months.

Having completed her boot training at the U. S. Coast Guard training station in Palm Beach, Fla., SPAR Beatrice Viggiano, daughter of Mrs. Joseph Viggiano of Albee st., Fitchburg, has been assigned to New York as a coxswain striker. Prior to enlisting in the SPARS she was a volunteer air raid warden.

Florence Hughes, yeoman 3c, of the WAVES, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward A. Hughes of School st., Belmont, has been assigned for duty at the Naval Frontier Base in Charleston, S. C.

PCF Rita LeForrester, formerly of Gregory st., Dorchester, is serving as a clerk in the office of the WAC staff director at the headquarters of the U. S. Strategic Air Forces in Europe. She maintains a complete color file on all Air WACs stationed in England. The daughter of Michael Kelly, PCF LeForrester's husband is also in the Army, and her brother is a first sergeant stationed in Arkansas.

Spending a 15-day leave at home was SPAR Helen F. Masters, yeoman 2c, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George McMaisters of Riverside drive, Dedham. She didn't have far to travel, for she is stationed at the Personnel Procurement Office of the District Coast Guard Office in Boston. Her brother-in-law, Kenneth Hudson Taylor, is a naval lieutenant.

Completing the educational aid course at the Cushing General Hospital, Framingham, were Greater Boston representatives: Charles J. Smith, Linden st., Medford; Mrs. Maitland Whitfield, Bridge st., Medford; and Priscilla Widger, Homer st., Newton Center.

In England, serving with the Engineers, are Cpl. Rose P. Ago of Tremont st., Boston... and Pvt. Edna E. King of Columbia rd., Dorchester, and Marie Scott of Strawberry rd., Springfield. It is their job to make maps of Nazi-occupied Europe for use in military operations.

Lt. Mary C. Wythe, USMC (WV), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Francis H. Wythe of Arlington, is engaged to wed Lt. Dawson T. Kilcrease, USMC, son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert D. Kilcrease of Waycross, Ga. She is stationed at Parris Island, S. C.

BRIDES! SEE MARY BURNS

Exquisite and complete selection of new Bridal Gowns at \$29.95 and up. Or you may rent your gown and veil. Veils designed individually in any desired length. Complete bridesmaids' outfits in all lovely fall shades expertly fitted. Evening gowns for rent as little as \$3.50. Wraps \$1.50 and up. Write or phone the Mary Burns Shop, 100 Summer St. Lb. 3572.

Beauty

By RUTH MUGGLEBEE

NOTHING is so tragic to a woman as the first realization that her hair is losing its color. She sees it getting drabber by day, finds gray hairs, and feels years older... quite unnecessarily.

So it is heartening news indeed that these early signs of age, and premature graying of the hair, can now be halted and the natural color and luster of the locks restored, without tinting or dyeing.

If your hair is already definitely gone gray, you'd better have a shampoo tint, and then start treating right away with a unique tonic, the product of a nationally famous hair specialist.

If you catch it in time, or if your hair is just dry and brittle, or has lost its life and beauty, you can restore the pigmentation and prevent further loss of color with this unusual tonic... it is really far more than that, it is a lifesaver.

In many cases an illness or a run-down condition will cause this loss of pigment in the hair. If you just let it go, you may never regain the sheen and color in your tresses. But if you eat for health, making sure that you get enough Vitamins B2 particularly, and get a bottle of this special preparation, you can bring them back to youthful hue and sheen.

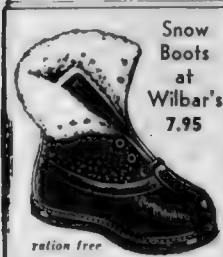
It comes in two different types... one for prematurely graying hair which is brown or black in color, and either too oily or too dry... the other for the faded. The latter are inclined to dryness of the scalp.

It can be bought only in the Boston salon of this illustrious hair expert, and it is not expensive. I shall tell you where to buy it if you will call the Beauty Department, Liberty 4000, or write, enclosing a stamped and self-addressed envelope.

Pattern



Pattern 4589 comes in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42. Size 16 takes 2 1/2 yds. 35-inch; 3/4 yd. contrast. This pattern, together with a needlework pattern for personal or household decorations, 20 cents. Send 20 cents in coins for these patterns to Boston Sunday Advertiser Pattern Dept., Box 195 243 West 17th St., New York, N. Y.



Snow Boots at Wilbar's 7.95

ration free
Some kind of funny to be advertising these zero weather boots in August but we just got 'em in... they go on right over your shoes... the tops are heavy leather with full lamb's wool lining... the sole is tough composition... why not get a pair now and have 'em when you need 'em. Wilbar's is at 166 Tremont Street downtown and 1160 Beacon Street at Coolidge Cor. Mail and phone orders filled.



Be Beautiful AS THE STARS!

Normandie Theatre—Now Playing
Rita Hayworth "You Will Never Get Rich"

NASAL CORRECTIONS

Humped, long, crooked, fractured and all other nasal disturbances corrected permanently in about 30 minutes through the inside of the nose without scars. No paraffin or wax used.

NEW ROTATION FACE LIFT—Many years can be erased from your appearance in less than an hour by Dr. Bernstein's new method.

EYE REJUVENATION—Crow's feet, superfluous wrinkles around the eyes removed quickly through a non-surgical method.

Thick, protruding and unshapely lips corrected permanently.

OUTSTANDING EARS corrected through a new technique to match your other features.

MASQUE—A liquid treatment for removal of a blemished poor complexion.

ACNE TREATMENT—New treatment with fine results.

LADY ASSISTANT IN ATTENDANCE

Dr. Harry B. Bernstein
100 Boylston Street, Boston
Room 801-802 Telephone 118-5500
9 A. M. to 8 P. M. Daily and by Appointment

Men as well as women are treated by Dr. Bernstein, who is the beautiful Dr. Lee H. Wig, M.D., Ohio State.

Louella O. Parsons in Hollywood

By LOUELLA O. PARSONS
Motion Picture Editor, International News Service

HOLLYWOOD'S divorces and night club battles always manage to get on the front pages. It's just too bad the public doesn't get an equal chance to learn about the topic of conversation that really interests the stars.

Go to the Hollywood party and you will hear very little discussion about the newest marital rift or the latest cafe battle. But on every side you hear stories about babies, babies, babies — by the proud parents.



Louella Parsons

"The real sirens of Hollywood," Walter Wanger said to me when I sat next to him at dinner, "are the babies." Then Walter pulled out the latest snapshots of Miss Stephanie, age 1. The Wanger heiress has her mother's Joan Bennett) and her father's good looks and she is really a honey.

Charles Boyer was at the same party and said, very proudly, "As I was leaving the house this morning Mike cried." (He calls Charles Jr. "Mike.") "I was very flattered that Mike would miss me so much!"

"Another way of looking at it," laughed Pat Boyer, the proud mother, "is that Mike was just getting his exercise. But, of course, we don't mention that." Pat says she knows the baby is going to speak French as soon as he speaks English because Charles' mother talks to him in French—and each morning the handsome Boyer greets his son with "Bon jour, Monsieur."

THE PROUDEST father in our town is Ronald Colman, at least, I can't imagine a parent being any more proud. He doesn't care who knows how thrilled and excited he is. Of course, he says, he tries to be fair.

"You know," Ronnie told me, "when I first looked at little Juliet I didn't think she was so pretty. But it is obvious now she is going to be a beauty!" P. S.—She's a month old.

Rennie, who always has doted cameramen, would be willing to have his beautiful daughter photographed every day to the point he can see how beautiful she is. But Benita says "No." "She's not going to be photographed until she is settled and used to her nursery," she laughs.

Two young ladies who will figure prominently in the small life of Hollywood, come 1930 or thereabouts, are Gracia and Charla Bolton, twin daughters of Nancy Coleman and Whitney Bolton. I drove out to see them and they are gaining every day and are as cute as anything—same profile, same size, same expressions—as alike as peas in a pod.

Betty Grable told me she could hardly bear to go to the studio she is so afraid Victoria Elizabeth will grow or learn, a new little trick or something while she is away.

"I can hardly tear myself away

to go to the studio," she said. "She's so cute I hate to spend one minute away from her."

I went to see Victoria Elizabeth and she's going to be one of the beauties of Hollywood. She has blue eyes and blonde hair like her mother and at five months seems to know all that's going on.

ALICE FAYE brought her two daughters by my house for me to see. Alice, Jr., has been much more publicized and certainly she is one of the most animated and cunning youngsters I have ever seen. Phyllis is so new it is hard to tell what her personality will be, but already she seems to be the calm and dignified type.

No one ever prayed harder for a baby than Loretta Young and Col. Tom Lewis, so Christopher Paul was very welcome. Tom said Loretta burst into tears of joy when she heard the baby was a boy.

In fact, her first words were, "Tom will be so pleased."

Yes, it is too bad the fans can't hear and read more about this side of Hollywood life. Perhaps that is the very reason I wrote this story.



TONI GILMAN in "Men to the Sea," coming to the Wilbur September 11.



CAROL LANDIS and Pat O'Brien in "Secret Command," now at the State and Orpheum.

On Uptown Screen

"Four Jills and a Jeep," with Kay Francis, Martha Raye and Carol Landis, is today's big hit at the Uptown. It's the story of the girls' round the world entertainment tour of Army Camps.



HELEN TAYLOR in "Life With Father," now playing at the Colonial.



UTA HAGEN, with Paul Robeson and Jose Ferrer in "Othello" at the Shubert Sept. 11.

WILBUR • HELD OVER UNTIL NEXT SAT.
VICTOR HUGO-VIDAL presents
LAST STOP
A New Play by IRVING KAYE DAVIS
Directed by ERWIN PISCATOR
Starring: SAM LEE • Column by BOB BOLANDOFF
MILLEN • Catharine • ARNOLD
DUPEE • DOUCET • GRACE
HEINEMAN • MARKEY • VALENTINE
POPULAR PRICES!
Opening Barrymore Theatre, N. Y. Tuesday, Sept. 8

PLYMOUTH—2 WKS. BEG. Labor Day Mat. Sept. 4
MEYER DAVIS presents
WALLFLOWER
THE BROADWAY LAUGH HIT
By MARY ORR and RICHARD DENHAM
with BETTY FRANK • SONJA BLYTHE • MCNELLIS • STOKOWSKI
SEAT SALE THURSDAY
EVEN: \$1.25, \$1.00, \$2.40, \$3 (Tax Inc.). Mats., 1st Week Mon.-Sat.: 1st Week Thurs.-Sat.: \$1.50, \$1.25, \$2.40 (Tax Inc.).

SHUBERT 1 Week Only, Beg Mon., Sept. 4
EDGAR MACGREGAR presents
DOWN TO EARTH
A Comedy by CONRAD WESTVELT
ROBERT EDWARD • ELAINE ELLIS • CHARLES LANG
MIRIAM MACKIN • LYNN LOGAN • HERBERT REYES
BRIAN O'NEAL • DORA WEISSMAN • JACK GOULD • JIM FRANKLIN
Staged by J. B. DANIELS
Settings by STEWART CHANEY
MAIL ORDERS NOW—SEATS THURS.
EVEN: \$1.25, \$1.00, \$2.40, \$3.00 (INC. TAX)
MATS., WED. AND SAT. \$1.25, \$1.00, \$2.40 (INC. TAX)

THE THEATRE GUILD presents
THE MARGARET WEBSTER PRODUCTION
PAUL ROBESON
JOSE FERRER • UTA HAGEN
OTHELLO
By William Shakespeare
EDITH KING • RALPH CLANTON
Production Designed and Lighted by Robert Edmund Jones
Associate Producer John Maggott
Evenings 1:20-1:50-2:40-3:00-3:40
Wed. & Sat. Mats. 1:20-1:50-2:40-3:00 (Inc. Tax)
MAIL ORDERS NOW—SEND ADDRESSED STAMPS ENVELOPE
SHUBERT 1 WK. COM. SEPT. 11

WILBUR—2 Wks. Beg. Mon., Sept. 11
What happens to the wives of sailors on 10-month voyages?
DAVE WOLPER presents
a new play to remember
PRIOR TO NEW YORK
MEN TO THE SEA
By HERBERT KUBLY
Staged by EDDIE DOWLING • Settings by Howard Bay
MAIL ORDERS NOW: EVEN: \$1.25, \$1.00, \$2.40, \$3.00. Mats. Wed. \$1.25, \$1.00.
Not Mon. Thurs. \$1.50 (Inc. Tax)
SUNDAY ADVERTISEES PICTORIAL REVIEW BOSTON, SUNDAY, AUG. 27, 1934—Page 11

COLONIAL—3 WEEKS BEG. MON. AT 8:30
AMERICA'S BELOVED COMEDY THAT EVERYONE MUST SEE!
Great Serial's glimmer of Clarence Day's
LIFE WITH FATHER
Made into a play by Howard Lindsay and Russel Croso
with CARL BENTON REID • BETTY LINLEY
SEATS NOW ON SALE
EVEN: \$1.00-\$2.40-\$3.00-\$1.25
Mats. Wed. Sat.: \$1.50-\$2.00-\$3.00
Price Includes Tax

CASINO LAF. 6756
NOW PLAYING BOSTON'S BIG HIT SHOW
RED ROCKET
VALARIE DELYS
ARTIE MATHIS
EGGY O'NEILL
FRANCES WHITE
MARIE WESTON
THE WAKING HAIR
STARS ON PARADE
BETTY DUVAL IN PERSON
ALL NEW TRAVELING SHOW EVERY FRIDAY
HOLIDAY MID-NITE SHOW, SUN., SEPT. 3

KEITH MEMORIAL
2nd RKO BOSTON
BUD ABBOTT LOU COSTELLO
IN SOCIETY
Now in RKO "ESCAPE TO BARBERS" version
THE RKO BOSTON
IN PERSON!
BETTY HUTTON
BOYD RAEBURN • ORCH.
ON SCREEN
"The FALCON IN MEXICO"

O'BRIEN-LANDIS
Secret Command
John DAVIS
KANSAS CITY BITTY
Loew's
STATE & ORPHEUM
BEACON
DONALD O'CONNOR • PERRY STAN
"CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK"
"THE OLD FASHIONED WAY"

CAMBRIDGE SUMMER THEATRE
BRATTLE HALL, TRO. 1465
Two Wks. Only—Beg. Thurs. Aug. 29
★WALTER HAMPDEN
Starring in the Sparkling Comedy
"COULD BE MY LOVE"
World Premiere with Broadway. By Everett Clafford
Prices: Evenings at \$1.50, \$2.00 to \$1.50 PLUS
Matinee Saturday at 2:30; 50c to \$1.00 TAX
TELEPIX
MARCH OF TIME—RACISM
CITY OF PRIGHAM YOUNG
NIGHTLY—FILM MEMORIES—PUFFIN

New Season Under Way

By JOYCE DANA
Drama Editor

THE fall season is definitely on the up-beat as far as the drama is concerned. This pre-Labor Day week, there's a choice of two shows in marked contrast.

There is Irving Kaye's "Last Stop," which was booked in for one week and remains for another, prior to its Broadway tour. It puts those so-called homes for the aged up in the racket class, but reckons without the astute Miss Minnie Dupree, who outsmarts the Bogli-like Catharine Doucet, who wants to take her elderly charges to a dilapidated old fire-trap.

It has its quota of laughs, but it is after all, delicate subject matter and needs, and is getting, some changes made.

WITH A SPECIAL free performance at the Colonial tonight for service men and women, the record-making "Life With Father" returns to the Colonial.

Clarence Day's delightful red-heads have been making history in theatrical annals, with more than five years at the Empire in New York, and five road companies—this one the sixth, making friends all over the country. Carl Benton Reid and Betty Linley head the newest of the delightful Days.

ON LABOR DAY a new play called "Down to Miami" will take over the stage at the Shubert. Edward MacGregor presents it. Conrad Westervelt is the author and scouts from rehearsals report that its something comic version of "Romeo and Juliet," with two feuding families battling things out in a highly humorous manner. They say that love finds a way, however.

Robert Leonard, Elaine Ellis, Charles Lane, Merle Maddend, Lynn Logan and Brian O'Hare head a large cast.

ON THE SAME day, at a matinee opening, Betty Blythe, returning to the stage from pictures will be seen in the Meyer Davis production "The Girl Who Dared" at the Plymouth. Miss Blythe starred in the old silent days, in

17th BIG WEEK!

Fanny Warhol's
THE SONG OF BERNADETTE
with JENNIFER JONES
in her Academy Award
Winning Performance

THE COOL SHUBERT MAJESTIC

STARTS WEDNESDAY
STORM OVER LISBON
A Double Picture
with LENA MALINOFF, GREGORY GILLER, JERRY HAY AND STEPHEN BOYD
ON THE SAME PROGRAM
THE GIRL WHO DARED
with BETTY BLYTHE
TRANSLUX

UPTOWN
Roy Francis-Martha Raye
"FOUR JILLS in a JEEP"
plus "Secrets of Scotland Yard"

SUNDAY ADVERTISED PICTORIAL REVIEW
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KAY BUCKLEY, at the Plymouth Labor Day in "Wall-Flower."

"The Queen of Sheba," "Chu Chin Chow" and "She" among scores of other films. Frank McNellis, and Sonya Stokowski in the title role, are featured.

For the following week on Sept. 11, Dave Wolper will open "Men to the Sea" at the Wilbur. Written by Herbert Kubly, a staff member of the New York Herald Tribune, it's a serious drama of the many problems of Navy wives, whose men have sailed off to the war fronts. Eddie Dowling is directing, and the very young cast has Miss Toni Gilman in her first leading role in a Broadway play.

Paramount-Fenway
With Michael O'Shea, pretty Anne Shirley and Gene Lockhart in the top roles, "Man From Frisco" is one of the first run features at the Paramount and Fenway. Judy Canova in "Louisiana Hayride" shares program honors.

"The Walking Dead"
The Boris Karloff thriller, "The Walking Dead," is featured on today's program at the Trans-Lux. Edmund Gwenn is the scientist who knows how to restore life to the dead, and Ricardo Cortez and Marguerite Churchill are also featured.

GLOBE
Starts Sunday Matinee
NAUGHTY NITTIES BURLESQUERS
THE STATED QUEEN OF BURLESQUE
DIANE RAYE
THE PEARL OF GLAMOUR
BENNY MOORE
HARRY BENTLEY
BETTY BROOKS
JEAN BENNETT & MOLLIE
CONNY AYLESBURY
LOLA RAYAN
DOUGLAS MAE
CEYLON DANIELS
LOWING 30 GLOBETROTTER—CAST OF 40 PEOPLE + +
LOWING 30 GLOBETROTTER—CAST OF 40 PEOPLE + +

ROWDOIN
MARIA MONTEZ
JON HALL SABU
COBRA WOMAN
TECHNICOLOR
with ANNE REAGAN, RICHARD GREENE
in YELLOW CANARY
EXETER
KEN 7067
JUNE ALLYSON
GLORIA DAVEN
VAN JOHNSON
TWO GIRLS AND A SAILOR
TOM CONWAY
"A NIGHT OF ADVENTURE"
Thurs., "The Heavenly Body"

2 Smash Hits Released
GAVY
HUMPHREY BOGART
EDDIE CANTON
DEAD END
JOEL MACRAE
and BOB HOPE
KID IN SPAIN
and BOB HOPE
NOW

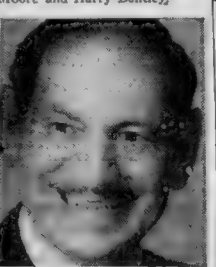


DEANNA DURBIN, Coming to the Memorial screen soon in "Christmas Holiday."

Globe Burlesque In Full Swing

Doors are open at the Globe this week, where the aptly titled "Naughty Nitties" burlesquers bring a parade of stream-lined beauties to the footlight parade.

The old Howard, too, has its share of lovelies, with Evelyn Taylor and Roxanne. Cecil von Dell, right from New York and its swank night clubs is the pretty headliner at the former house, while the comedy goes to Benny "Wop" Moore and Harry Bentley.



ROBERT LEONARD, featured in "Down to Miami," at the Shubert on Labor Day.

GLOBE
Starts Sunday Matinee
NAUGHTY NITTIES BURLESQUERS
THE STATED QUEEN OF BURLESQUE
DIANE RAYE
THE PEARL OF GLAMOUR
BENNY MOORE
HARRY BENTLEY
BETTY BROOKS
JEAN BENNETT & MOLLIE
CONNY AYLESBURY
LOLA RAYAN
DOUGLAS MAE
CEYLON DANIELS
LOWING 30 GLOBETROTTER—CAST OF 40 PEOPLE + +
LOWING 30 GLOBETROTTER—CAST OF 40 PEOPLE + +

HOWARD
EVELYN TAYLOR
ROXANNE
AL ANGER
ART BARDNER
BOB COLTON—Lena Tori
60 People—50 Persons City
SEPT. 3, Sticky & Shorty—Alma Parrot—Scotty Kelly

PROVEN
TRENTON-NORMANDIE
25-21-25
LESLIE HOWARD
RITA WORTH
FRED ASTAIRE
"YOU'LL REMEMBER"
SPITFIRE
LESLIE HOWARD
RITA WORTH
FRED ASTAIRE
"YOU'LL REMEMBER"
SOJARE
HUMPHREY BOGART
RICHARD DIX
OLD SOUTH
AMERICANS ALL

MOVIE TIMES FOR TODAY ONLY

METROPOLITAN	"Minaret Man."	EXETER	"Two Girls and a Sailor"
1:15, 4:30, 7:15	"Devils Intensity."	8:15, 8:30	"Night of Adventure"
8:30, 9:15		10:15, 10:30	
PARAMOUNT	"Man from Frisco"	MODALAY	"Eve of St. Mark"
1:15, 4:30, 7:15		8:15, 8:30	"Mistake Your Own Bed"
8:30, 9:15		10:15, 10:30	
WILBUR	"Men to the Sea"	BOWDOIN	"Yellow Canary"
1:15, 4:30, 7:15		8:15, 8:30	"Cobra Woman"
8:30, 9:15		10:15, 10:30	
SHUBERT	"Down to Miami"	TRENTON	"Never Get Lost"
1:15, 4:30, 7:15		8:15, 8:30	"Squid"
8:30, 9:15		10:15, 10:30	
PARAMOUNT	"Man from Frisco"	NORMANDIE	"Eve of St. Mark"
1:15, 4:30, 7:15		8:15, 8:30	"Mistake Your Own Bed"
8:30, 9:15		10:15, 10:30	
WILBUR	"Men to the Sea"	BOWDOIN	"Yellow Canary"
1:15, 4:30, 7:15		8:15, 8:30	"Cobra Woman"
8:30, 9:15		10:15, 10:30	
SHUBERT	"Down to Miami"	TRENTON	"Never Get Lost"
1:15, 4:30, 7:15		8:15, 8:30	"Squid"
8:30, 9:15		10:15, 10:30	

On Exeter Seen
"Two Girls and a Sailor" with June Allyson, Gloria De Haven, Van Johnson and Jimmy Durante opens at the Exeter Street Theater today along with "A Night of Adventure" with Tom Conway, Ray Lamarr and William Fox in "The Heavenly Body" and "Underground Guerrillas" booked for Thursday.

M-G-A
brings you
SPENCER TRACY
in a memorable graph
The SEVENTH CROSS
COMING SOON

M-P Theatres MOVIE GUIDE
NOW! METROPOLITAN
FRED MAC MURRAY
BARBARA STANWYCK
EDWARD G. ROBINSON
"Double Indemnity"
STARTS PAULETTE GODDARD • DANNY GODDARD • UFTS • FITZGERALD
THURS. • "I LOVE A SOLDIER" • "CRIME BY NIGHT"
PARAMOUNT
MICHAEL O'SHEA
ANNE SHIRLEY
"MAN FROM FRISCO"
OLYMPIA
OLYMPIA
"THE WHITE CLIFFS OF DOVER"
MODERN
MODERN
"THE WHITE CLIFFS OF DOVER"

CLEVELAND CIRCLE
CIRCLE
"STORY OF DR. WASSALL"
CAPES
"GAMBLER'S CHOICE"
ALSTON-JAMAICA PLAIN
Capitol-Jamaica
"STORY OF DR. WASSALL"
ALLSTON
"STORY OF DR. WASSALL"
CENTRAL SQ.
OLYMPIA
"STORY OF DR. WASSALL"
FRANKLIN
MORTON
STRAND
FAIRMOUNT
ORIENTAL
ORIENTAL
"STORY OF DR. WASSALL"
REGENT
"STORY OF DR. WASSALL"
RIVOLI
"STORY OF DR. WASSALL"
DUDLEY
"STORY OF DR. WASSALL"
HUMBOLDT
"STORY OF DR. WASSALL"
WARREN
"STORY OF DR. WASSALL"
BOWMILLER
"STORY OF DR. WASSALL"
CENTRAL
"STORY OF DR. WASSALL"
STRAND
"STORY OF DR. WASSALL"
WOLLASTON
"STORY OF DR. WASSALL"

[illegible]

On the Side

by E.V. DURLING

Distributed by King Features Synd., Inc.
His wife,
A guardian angel
Over his life preserver
Doubling his pleasure
And his cares dividing.
—ROGERS.

DEPARTMENT stores prefer blondes as sales clerks. Blondes eliminate the dullness of a store and light it up. So say the personnel experts. . . Remember the great canine film star, Rin Tin Tin? He was born in France, was found in a shell hole on the French fighting front during World War I by his owner, Lee Duncan. . . That which is to be loved long must be loved with reason rather than passion," observed Beilamy Brooks. Keep that in mind, young fellow, when selecting a wife. . . As to the three busiest corners in the United States in the order named they are 42d and Broadway, Manhattan; State and Madison sts., Chicago, and Seventh and Broadway, Los Angeles.

Some blessed event data: The youngest parents of all time in the United States were Betty Jane Lacer and Tommy Campbell of Linton, Ind. At the age of 12 Betty gave birth to a 10½ pound baby. Tommy, the father, was 13. . . In Chicago a woman weighing 745 pounds gave birth to a baby weighing 9 pounds 2 ounces. The father of this child weighed 345 pounds. . . Also in Chicago a woman of 60 gave birth to a healthy baby. It was this woman's 13th child. Dr. Effie Lebell officiated at this unusual blessed event.

"Of all marriages in the United States 32 per cent are childless." So states a statistician. Very interesting, but he should have said: "Of all marriages in the United States 83 per cent of those married have children." . . Am asked who were the tallest and shortest U. S. presidents. I believe Lincoln was the tallest but not much taller than Washington, who was 6 feet 7 inches tall, and during his active military career weighed 289 pounds. The shortest president was James Madison. . . "A married woman who loves her husband is much more attractive to men than one who doesn't. It is much easier to like a woman who confidently expects the best of you than one who has been soured by unpleasant experiences." So observed Chester Crowell.

QUERIES from clients. Q. About what two prize fighters did Arthur Brisbane say: "A gorilla could lick them both." A. Dempsey and Tunney, on the occasion of their first fight in Philadelphia. On first glance it seems Mr. Brisbane was unquestionably right. On the other hand a gorilla is constructed similar to a man and has his weak points. A good sock on the chin might knock a gorilla cold. Q. Who would you rate the best stage and vaudeville comedian of the 20th century? A. That query covers a lot of territory. However, my choice would be Frank Towner with Bobby Clark second. Q. Name six makes of motor cars of the present day that were being manufactured 40 years ago or forward stogie at once. A. You have me stopped. I can think of only five cars now on the market that were being made and sold in 1904; Cadillac, Ford, Packard, Oldsmobile and Studebaker.

Those gambling slot machines.
SUNDAY ADVERTISER PICTORIAL REVIEW
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Chinese referred to as "one-eyed bandits" usually pay off at the rate of 70 cents to the machine and 30 cents to the player. If they paid off at the rate of 80 cents to the machine and 20 cents to the player they could still make plenty of money. But no matter how they pay off the slot machine is the most hard to resist of all types of gambling. It is a San Francisco invention. The original inventor never patented his idea.

SGT. Joseph Joseph Joseph of the U. S. Army Air Force is the leading candidate for president of the triple threat repeating name club. . . A military mule is worth \$250. A mule doesn't panic in battle as much as a horse. The first mule imported to the United States was owned by Gen. George Washington. . . Do you know the difference between a "sales clerk" and a "sales person"? A sales clerk merely gives the customer what is asked for, takes the cash, wraps up the package, etc. A sales person, who earns a much higher wage than a sales clerk, really sells. That is, the sales person knows the goods and puts in a sales talk persuading customers to buy things other than what they came into the store to purchase.

Chicago has the youngest looking grandmothers in the country. However, the frailest grandmas are to be found in Los Angeles. In that city they even have grandmas who are jitterbugs. . . Am informed the National Secretaries Association is one of the most rapidly growing organizations in the country. Its object is to make life happier for stenographers. One thing that might make a lot of dictation takers happier is if somebody would originate a system of preventing what is known as "stenographers spread." About the only thing I can suggest is that the young women do some of their typing standing up.

Many references are made to the courageous manner in which mothers left with small children to care for, handle that situation. But nobody ever says much about fathers placed in a similar situation. Eddie Goodwin of Hollywood, Cal., left with five small children, has made a huge success of their bringing up. At first Eddie did all the housekeeping, cooking, etc., in addition to his regular job. As the children became older he taught them cooking, housework and how to generally shift for themselves. The Goodwin children are now a fine, healthy, well-mannered group of youngsters who can rightly sing to their father: "Daddy, you've been more than a mother to us."

Mollie Rapport

Electric Needle Specialist

Introduced the Short Wave Method to Boston from Hollywood. This method kills the root of the hair in 1-20 of a second. It saves time and money to consult MOLLIE RAPPORT. She has had over 22 years of experience in removing superfluous hair safely and permanently, sterilizing the hair cells to prevent further growth. She uses both single and multiple needles and is also a teacher of electrolysis. Physicians' references. Consultation free. MISS MOLLIE RAPPORT, 125 Tremont St. Room 402, HAN. 7288.



Fear Killer Gets Justice

Continued from Page 4

Mrs. Folts with my belt," he said. "You figured you had to do it?" Minor asked.

"Yes, I didn't know what else to do. I stuffed her body in a culvert, then drove north to within a short distance of Farmington, Iowa, about 30 miles north of Kahoka. I abandoned the car there, realizing that by this time the cops might be after me, and that I better get rid of the car."

HE SAID he hitchhiked to Ft. Madison, 25 miles east of Farmington, and there took a train to Hannibal. Subsequently, having spent Saturday night in Macon, he returned to Hannibal in the company of Mary Shoemaker Lip, wife of an overseas service man. He spent Sunday and Monday with her, chaperoned by an aunt of the young woman, and returned to Monroe City on Tuesday, June 13.

Investigators learned that young Patrick had cashed two checks. One was for \$150, and was made out to him at gunpoint by Mrs. Folts, who had signed her husband's name. This check was cashed in a Macon jewelry store on Saturday, after Patrick's return from Iowa. He had bought two rings and a wrist watch bracelet, the purchases amounting to \$80.

On Friday, June 30, the accused youth through his attorney, W. F. Stringer of Moberly, Mo., entered a plea of guilty, and Judge Roy B. Meriwether sentenced him to life imprisonment on two counts, the terms to run consecutively. The Clark County charge was at the same time, retained on the records as well as a kidnapping charge filed by the federal authorities.

Patrick never could give any really sensible reason for his triple crime, other than that he shot Ladwin Foltz in a fit of anger and then killed the parents for his own protection. Prosecutor Proctor told Judge Meriwether that U. S. Army psychiatrists had classed him as a mixed, psychoneurosis case, severe and had therefore caused his rejection.

In other words, he hadn't been stable enough to serve his country in the army, but he had been stable enough to remain at the wheel long enough to end the lives of three useful citizens.

Faithful Friends

by EYE JOLLY



Frank Kiemle, 20, of Chicago, and his dog look at the hand press on which Frank has printed a pet newspaper with nationwide circulation for the past eight years.

"See, I snatch you from death, and give nests to you, wherein you may increase and multiply, according to the commandment of the Creator."—ST. FRANCIS ASSISI.

THE Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was first established in New York in 1866. Since that time other cities have established societies and shelters to protect and care for all animals.

Most societies operate ambulance service, some of course make a very small charge for picking up animals. But in all cases, the S. P. C. A., no matter its location, is the animal's friend and should be notified of stray or unwanted pets. Strays will be picked up and cared for, and an attempt will be made to place them in homes. Finally, they may have to be put to sleep, but humane death is after all a greater kindness than dropping an animal on the road to starve slowly, be hit by an automobile or street car, or poisoned or stoned by fiends.

Too few people realize that the S. P. C. A. has the power to take legal action against humans on behalf of animals. If you see an animal being beaten, starved or mistreated, notify the S. P. C. A. They are fully equipped to handle the matter to the best interests of the animal. I know of one society that conceived the idea of trading cameras for BB guns and air rifles. Many a bird, cat and dog was protected from mistreatment in this manner. Every child who loves pets should have full information as to the services all animals have available to me through the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

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'Phantom' Mystery

Continued from Page 6

gay and wealthy Mrs. Williams in a luxury suite in Chicago's best hotel?

"Bapper" Peter Goodbody doesn't know any more than anyone else, but he thought he'd rush on to see if he could help. "Ever since I learned of the death of Mrs. Williams I have been trying to come here," he said. "Under a certain governmental necessity I am obliged to return to India later. In the meantime, I expect to devote my time to studying this baffling mystery and aiding in its solution."

Police accepted his aid at once in straightening out a certain point. A waitress in a Michigan ave. restaurant had told authorities she heard Mrs. Williams and Patricia arguing at luncheon shortly before the murder.

She said they were arguing over a sum of money requested by Peter Goodbody.

GOODBODY explained that. He could not send his wife money because of the exchange laws so he had written to his mother-in-law, telling her the situation.

"From my point of view," he told police, "it was highly unsatisfactory to ask my mother-in-law to support my wife. Therefore, it was preferable to ask her to do something for my wife."

"The figure of \$2000 mentioned in my letter was not the figure I desired her to give my wife, but a form of approach. I wanted to see her reaction."

In the eight-page letter, Goodbody had written Mrs. Williams, he had actually asked her to give Patricia \$2000 a year.

Patricia, it seems, has been working as a receptionist in Elizabeth Arden's beauty salon.

And that is something her mother never did for when

the glamorous, vivacious Mrs. Williams was born Adele Swabacker, she was also born into luxury. She learned to ride in Kentucky, dance in New York and sing in Paris.

At the time of her debut into Chicago society, she was a golden haired blonde who weighed exactly 100 pounds—a figure she maintained until the day of her death.

When she was 20, she married Edgar R. Born, son of a wealthy Chicago clothing manufacturer. In 1910, she had her first child, Elizabeth Rose, and in 1915, Patricia, was born.

IT WAS IN 1935, when Adele and Patricia, looking more like sisters than mother and daughter, went on a world cruise and romance touched them both. On board ship, Patricia fell in love with Peter Goodbody. In Japan, Adele met Frank Starr Williams, then commercial attaché at the American embassy in Tokyo.

Patricia married Goodbody when they returned to Chicago, while her mother divorced her husband, Born.

Adele married Williams in 1936 and they forthwith went to live in a house in Tokio, where every room was done in white and silver. They entertained the great of the world in that house and Adele kept two diaries, which she mailed to America before the war with Japan broke out. Both diaries vanished.

Now police would like to know where they are. They would like to know if they might contain any clue to the phantom murderess who hid in a hotel bathroom and shot the tiny golden blonde to death.

But like the phantom woman with the gun, the diaries have disappeared.

There is no trace of them any more than there is any trace of the killer, her identity or her motive. In this mysterious Case Without a Clue.

Blood Can Save Lives

If you live in Greater Boston you can arrange for a donation of blood that may save the life of a serviceman by reporting to the American Red Cross Blood Donor Center, 485 Boylston st., or by calling KENmore 9060 for appointment.

Another blood donor center is located in Hartford, Ct., at 310 Pearl st., and mobile units are on tour through New England constantly for the convenience of those who live at a distance from the established centers.

This week, mobile units will be in New Bedford at the Trinity Methodist Church, corner of County and Elm sts., and in Warwick, R. I., at St. Peter's Church, Fair st., in the Pawtucket section.

Red Cross chapters in your own community can tell you when the mobile units are scheduled or when you can arrange a trip to either the Boston or Hartford in groups.

'Daddy's Home!'

Continued from Page 1

about other things, those things between father and daughter.

"Why don't all the people give?" insisted Joan. Sailor Travers shifted his crutches a bit uneasily at the side of his chair.

"I don't know, Joan. I really don't know." Neither spoke for a while but thoughts were racing through the blonde head of Joan.

"Did you thank the one who gave blood so you could come home, Daddy?" He couldn't have, of course, so he had to explain that the blood donations of individuals are pooled for the aid of all—that there is no individualism in the saving of lives.

"Well," said Joan, finally. "I'll thank whoever it was. I'll thank whoever it was when I say my prayers."

"I'm glad you're home Daddy."

Too Many Horses

Continued from Page 2

ception of a million dollar trust fund.

Her husband was friendly with two particular women, she charged—a blonde in Agua Caliente and a red-haired girl she once discovered on his yacht. And in his cups, she added, he packed a mean pistol.

"He came home from the races intoxicated," she testified, "and threatened me with a gun. He was so drunk I was afraid he would fire. I was terribly frightened but he fell asleep with the gun in his hand."

The judge was so impressed by Gloria's testimony that he signed an order tying up John's entire fortune, and for a few weeks the young millionaire was literally penniless. Later the decree was modified to allow both husband and wife \$3000 a year pending settlement of the case.

Gloria Roxana has twice married since her divorce. For less than a year she was the wife of Ogden K. Hunsaker, a prominent Pasadena investment broker. They were married by a roadside justice of the peace in some town they couldn't remember—it was either Piru or Fillmore—they said at the time of their divorce in December, 1939.

She is now the wife of R. S. Babcock, a rancher at Rogue River, Ore., and with her latest remarriage she terms of the Spreckels settlement were re-

vised. She was granted \$50,000 outright for herself, and custody of her little daughter, with \$250 monthly support for the child.

AFTER HIS first unfortunate marriage, John Spreckels expressed himself as completely disillusioned with the power of wealth to bring happiness.

"Money has nothing to do with the endurance of love and marriage," he said. And there were plenty of members of his family who could subscribe to these sentiments, because by and large, the experiences in marriage of this wealthy family have been unhappy.

Now John Spreckels has to undergo the experience of marital littleness all over again. But unlike most husbands, he is well prepared for this emergency.

But it may be true, as his friends insist, that he really loves Lavinia, and that he considers her suit merely a temporary measure which can be straightened out after the war with a reconciliation.

Right now, his important commitment is neither with wives nor horses, but with the United States Navy, and now he hopes to sail a course on the high seas. Perhaps, on his return, he may be able to guide his matrimonial bark into smoother seas than the present would indicate.

New Hollywood Flames

Continued from Page 3

a more normal life. And that includes marriage and children."

Faye is a product of Louisiana, 5 feet 4 inches, 120 pounds and a pronounced blonde.

Even in high school, as the "most vivacious freshman," cheer leader, and in later years the leader of songs at San Diego State College, Faye showed an aptitude for making friends.

UNLIKE Jinx Falkenburg's spring from a tennis court into pictures, Faye's career wove through the usual "undergraduate" course of summer theaters and stock companies until a Warner Bros. scout spotted her at a play in San Diego.

Besides her now blossoming romance with Raft, Faye has a large variety of life interests that range from sports (baseball and basketball) through music, writing and even politics.

As an old hobby she collects handkerchiefs, and prizes highly a lacy bit of fluff once carried by Sarah (The Divine) Bernhardt.

Just how George will keep up to these activities remains to be seen.

It's eight years now since George trundled the marital

yoke. In the fall of 1936 he was divorced from Grace Mulvaney Raft, to whom he had been wed some years before in New York.

Since then his name has been linked romantically with a number of movie folk, including Bonita Granville and Virginia Pine, daughter of Adolphus Pine, Chicago millionaire.

Whatever the outcome of the new romances, Hollywood beams on these romances of the old and the new. At least it's something different.

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The new way is the vitamin way, a way which provides body, satisfying nourishment—helps correct the unbalanced diet that made you fat, and many users say it has improved their looks and made them feel fine.

Food normally is the only thing that makes fat. Exercise can be harmful and is perhaps the least efficient way of getting rid of it.

Drugs or physics should never be used except under the direction of a physician.

The new, modern, vitamin way to reduce is entirely different. It is based on proper nutrition. "What you eat," not "not to get thin."

Exactly, but with this difference. Instead of one-sided, unbalanced diet, for some cases, starvation diet, you can now lose those ugly pounds while taking more correct nourishment than you normally get in everyday foods.

To eliminate the need of the confusing details necessary to balance your diet—no induce the body to use its own fat stores—Vee-mor was created. This sensational new diet supplement overcomes hunger and, at the same time, provides essential vitamins and minerals needed for sound nutrition. With Vee-mor, you feel your appetite. You are being perfectly satisfied and more properly nourished by substituting these elements you need, for excess food you don't need and which is usually the principal cause of overweight.

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SUNDAY ADVERTISER PICTORIAL REVIEW BOSTON, SUNDAY, AUG. 27, 1944—Page 15

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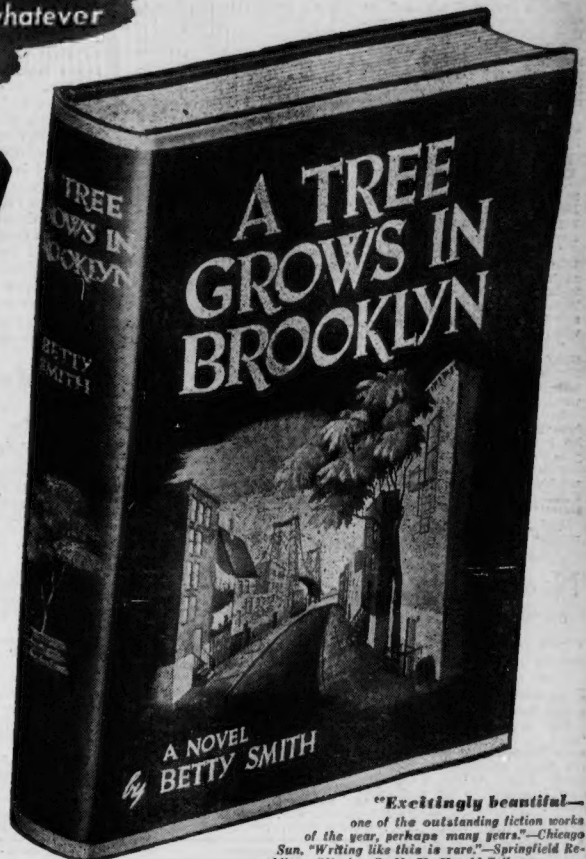
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Francis's life story is the story of a city girl who grew into beautiful womanhood because she chose to make life give her its glorious things, because she knew she could have them if she chose. Reading "A TREE GROWS IN BROOKLYN" is a rich experience. It is a book to own and enjoy and remember. "Delightful . . . swarms with living people" the New York Times said of it. A FREE copy will be sent to you as soon as you join the Dollar Book Club—which you can do merely by mailing the coupon below.



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